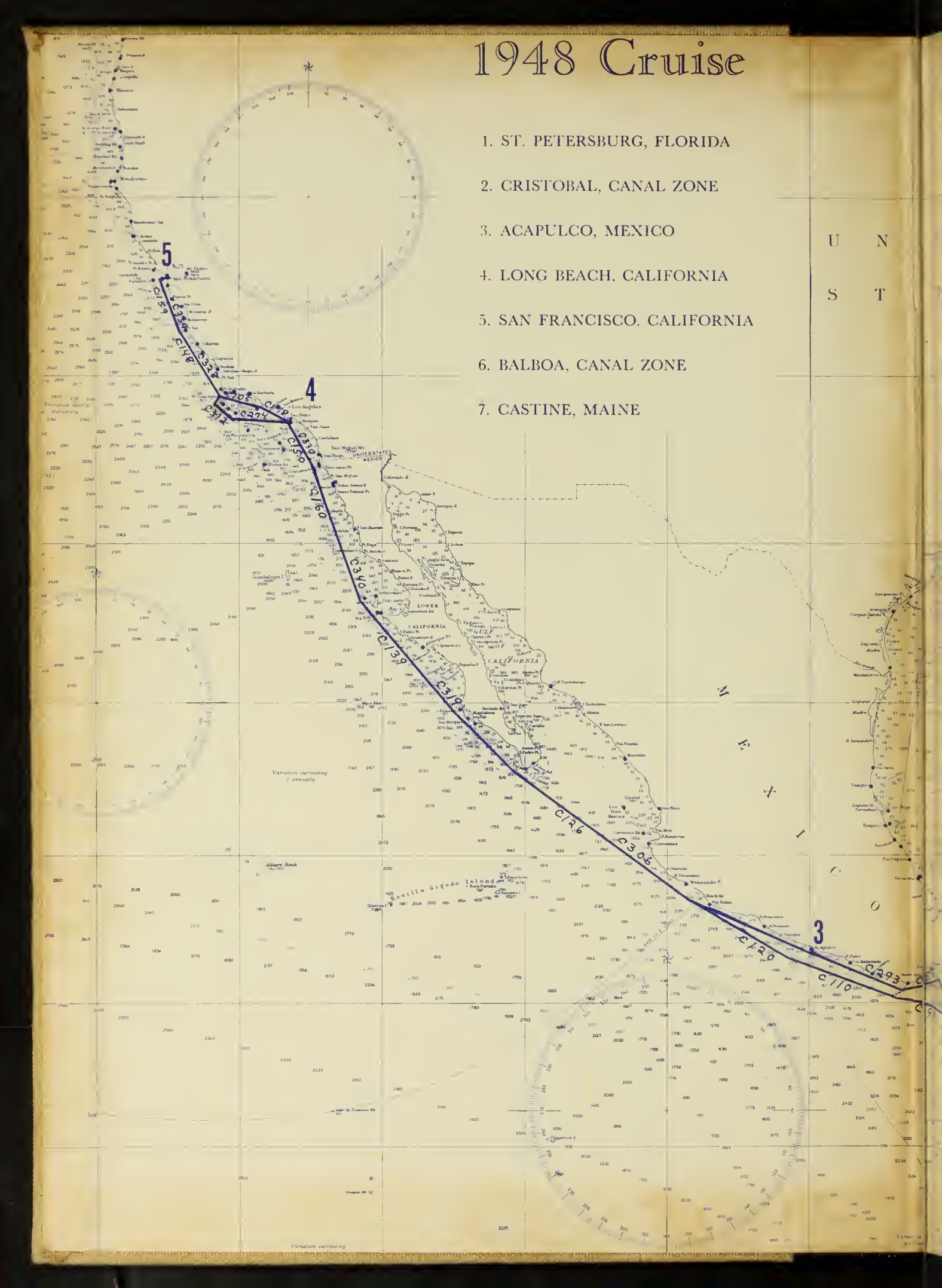
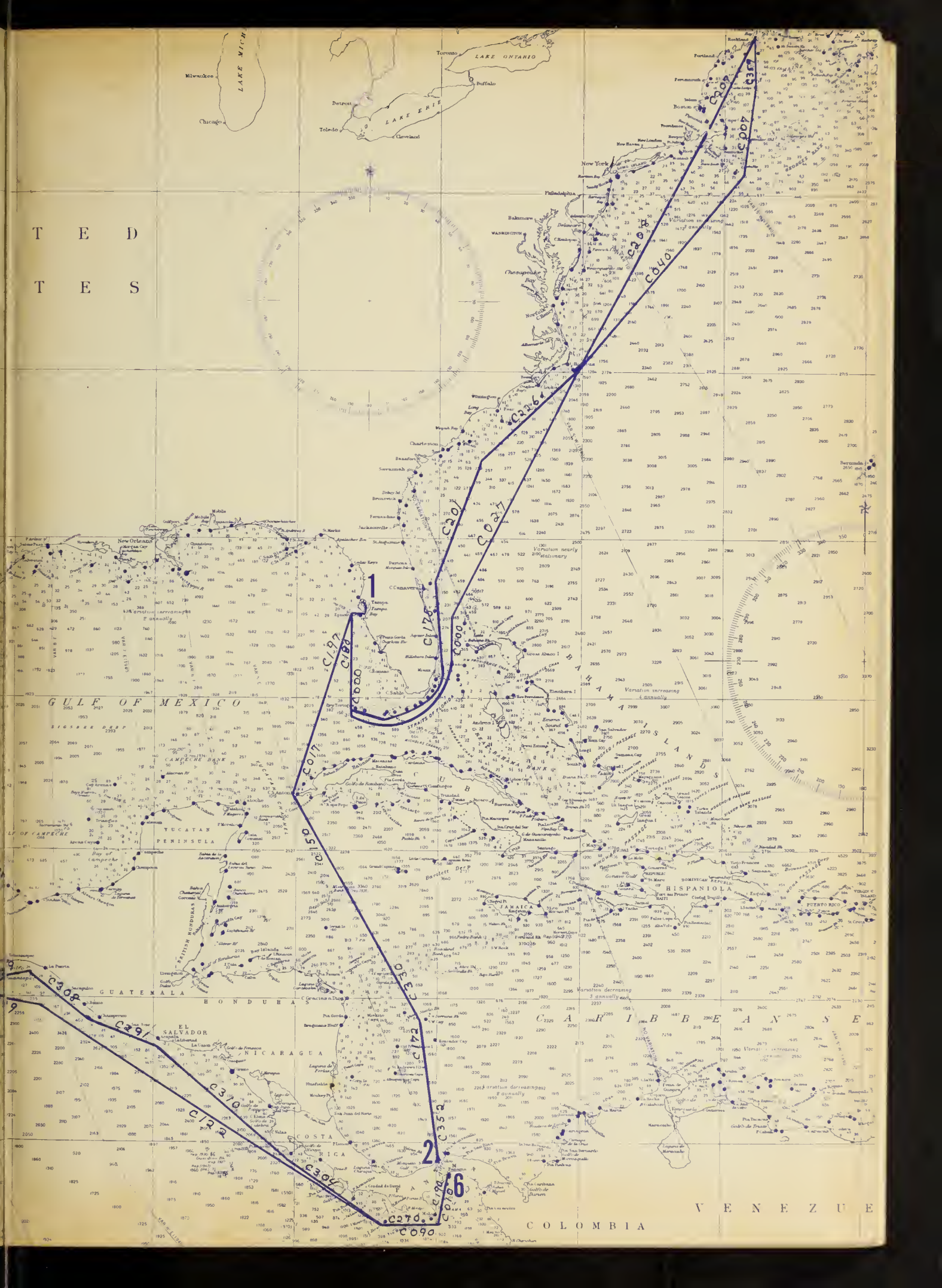
MUSTER

1949

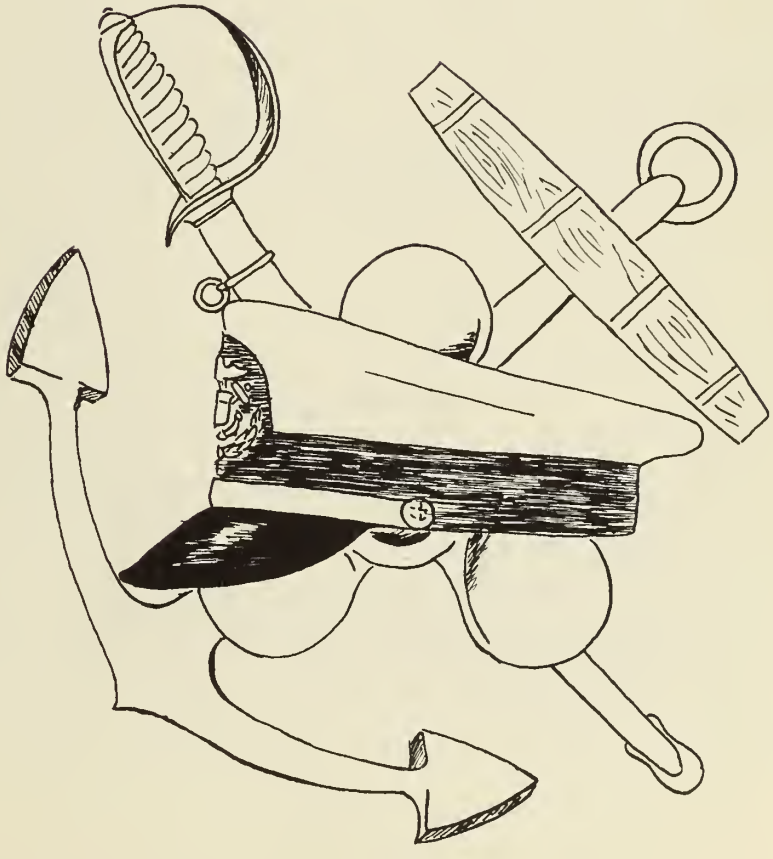
1948 Cruise

1. ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA
2. CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE
3. ACAPULCO, MEXICO
4. LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA
5. SAN FRANCISCO. CALIFORNIA
6. BALBOA, CANAL ZONE
7. CASTINE, MAINE




T E D
T E S
LAKE MICH
Milwaukee
Chicago
Toronto
LAKE ONTARIO
Buffalo
Detroit
LAKE ERIE
Toledo
Cleveland
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
WASHINGTON
Chesapeake Bay
Norfolk
Charleston
Savannah
Jacksonville
Mobile
New Orleans
Tampa
Key West
Havana
GULF OF MEXICO
CAMPECHE BANK
YUCATAN PENINSULA
Bay of Campeche
Campeche
Veracruz
Tuxpan
Tampico
Merida
Progreso
Belize
BRITISH HONDURAS
GUATEMALA
HONDURAS
EL SALVADOR
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
PANAMA
Puerto Limon
Colon
Panama
Cristobal
Gulf of Panama
Gulf of Darien
COLOMBIA
VENEZUELA
CARIBBEAN SEA
CUBA
JAMAICA
Kingston
HAITI
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
HISPANIOLA
PUERTO RICO
San Juan
BAHAMA ISLANDS
BAHAMA BANK
Nassau
Andros I
Great Abaco I
Grand Bahama I
Great Inagua I
Mayaguana I
Caicos Passage
Turks Island Passage
Silver Bank Passage
Mona Passage
Windward Passage
Old Bahama Channel
Straits of Florida
Dry Tortugas
Key West
Bahama Channel
Variation nearly stationary
Variation increasing 4 annually
Variation decreasing 3 annually
Variation decreasing 2 annually
C207
C239
C206
C040
C266
C201
C027
C000
C178
C188
C197
C017
C250
C330
C352
C242
C308
C291
C310
C312
C304
C270
C090
C160
C274
1
2
6

SIR, THE COMPANY IS FORMED . . . .

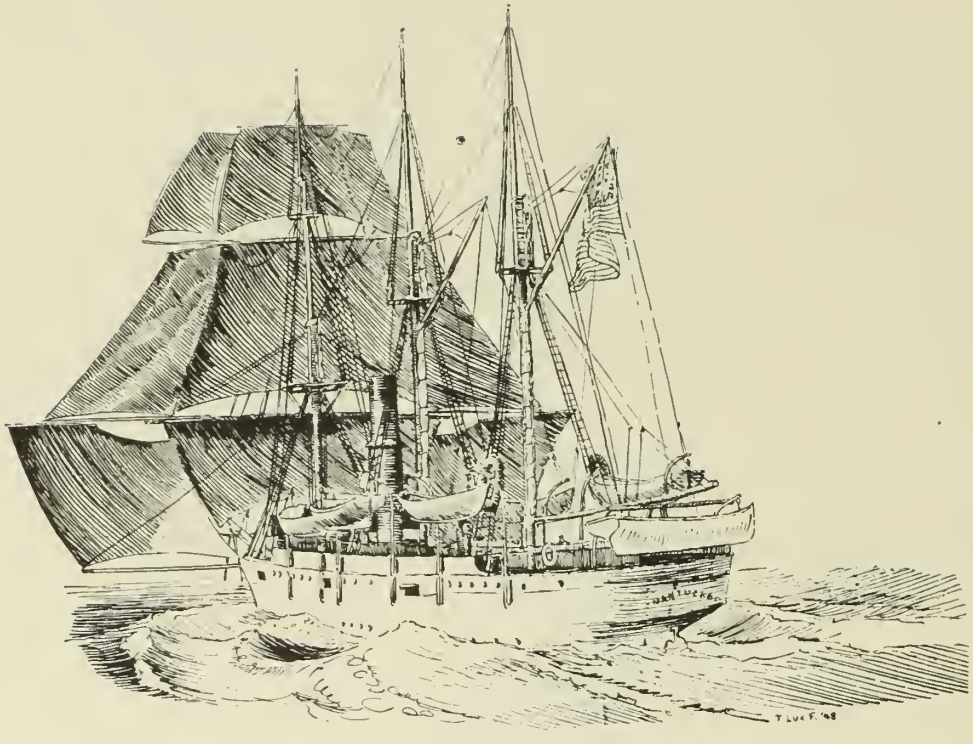


MUSTER

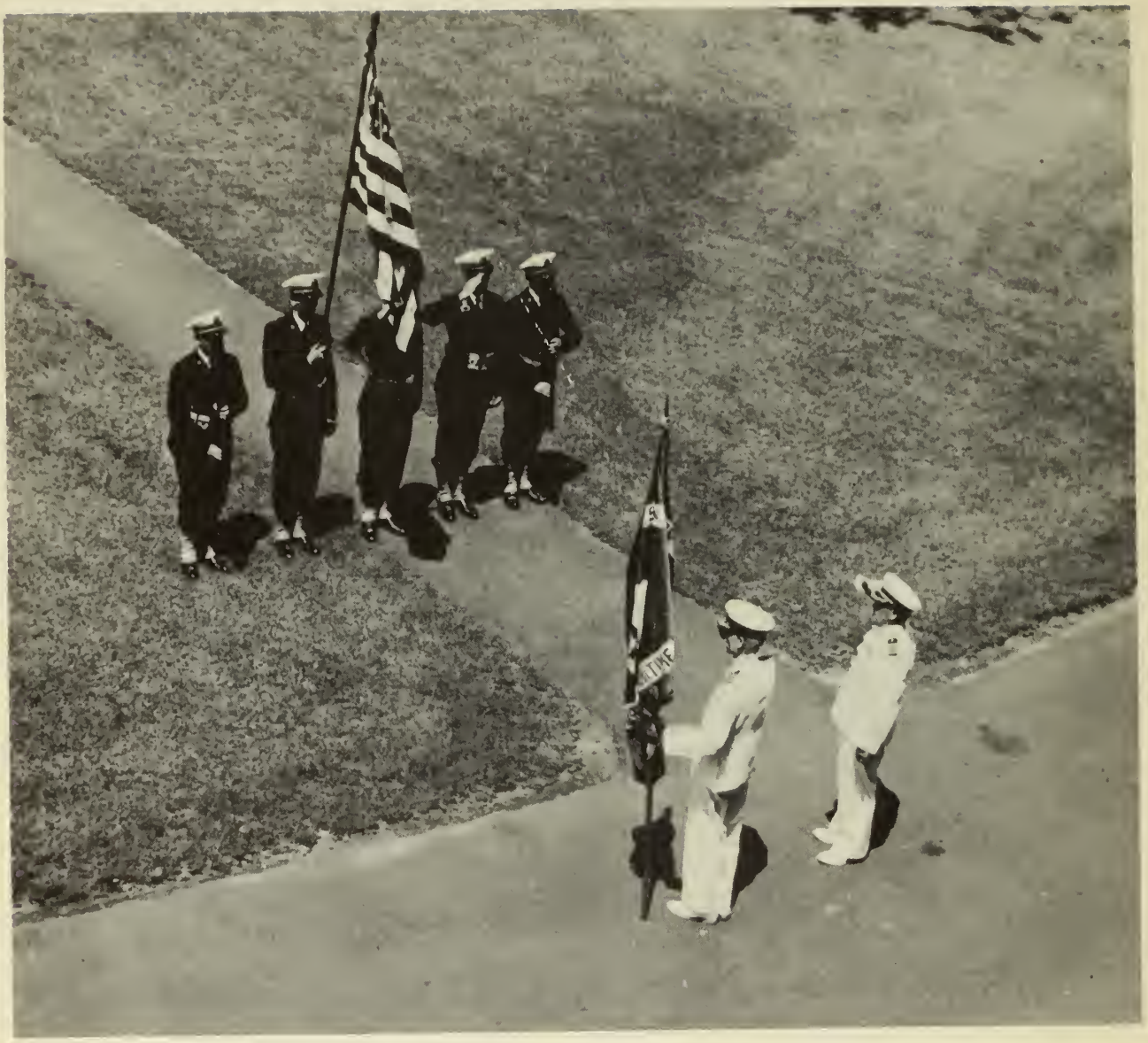
1949

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS



"Courtesy of THE RUDDER"



DEDICATION

CAPTAIN HOWARD G. COPELAND, USNR

Since assuming the Superintendency he has compiled the new curriculum and has won approval for granting of the degree of Bachelor of Nautical Science. He successfully negotiated the transfer of the USS Charleston from the Navy to the Academy (via the United States Maritime Commission) and brought the Charleston from San Francisco to her Academy berth.

Not for these reasons alone do we dedicate this yearbook to him. We have known his friendship, understanding, and coöperation in helping us overcome even our most minute problems.

Throughout his long career he has held high the ideals of his alma mater and fought for her preëminence.

TRIBUTE

Requiescat in Pace

Captain F. Palmer Harrington

Captain Harrington, visiting his alma mater on a tour as Secretary of the Academy, succumbed to an attack on 12 November, 1947. The untimely passing of this familiar figure about the Boston office brought to an end a brilliant and irreproachable career. Always very friendly to Midshipmen passing through his office regardless of the reason, he will long be remembered by us all.

"Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

ADMINISTRATION

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. HURLEY

ARTHUR C. SULLIVAN

EPHRAIM MARTIN

Board of Visitors

Walcott Ames, *President,* Barnstable County National Bank
John Desmond, *Commissioner of Education*
John J. Halloran, *Vice-President,* Sprague Steamship Company
Warren B. Nott, *Superintendent* of Machinery and Trial Engineer, Bethlehem Steel Company, Shipbuilding Division, Fore River
Commodore Norman L. Queen, USMS, *Supervisor,* State Maritime Academies, U. S. Maritime Commission
Commander Frederick S. Walker, Merchant Marine Inspector-in-Charge, Marine Inspection and Navigation, U. S. Coast Guard

"HARRISON PHOTO"

HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY

The State of Massachusetts has always lived by the sea. It was, therefore, supremely logical for her to take advantage, in 1891, of the Act of Congress encouraging State nautical schools, in order to avail herself of a continuing supply of trained young merchant officers.

In 1892 the Navy sent the school its first ship, the USS ENTERPRISE, a wooden bark; and in 1893 the first class boarded the ship for a two-year training cruise, learning both the theory and practice of going to sea.

The ENTERPRISE was replaced in 1909 by the USS RANGER. The new ship was an iron-hulled barkentine with a low-pressure engine. Renamed the NANTUCKET by the Navy, she served the school well for many years until World War II, when she was renamed the EMORY RICE, in honor of one of our famous graduates, and sent to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy.

During three wars the Academy has provided hundreds of officers for the Navy and Merchant Marine; many of them gave their lives in the two great struggles for mankind.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor the Government shortened the course to sixteen months and increased the enrollment. To do this the Academy had to have a shore base. Accordingly, in July, 1942, the present site was occupied. Meanwhile cruises were shared with other Academies on Maritime Commission ships.

In our brief time here we have seen a new vigor in the old school. The granting of the degree of Bachelor of Nautical Science has been authorized. On the 1948 cruise the Academy sailed to San Francisco, where it boarded its new ship, the USTS CHARLESTON, for the return trip. Proudly the Midshipmen sailed her home to Buzzards Bay, the ship's permanent berth.

The Academy has played a long and steadily more important role in the maritime affairs of our country, and seems destined for even greater things in the future.

His Excellency, Paul A. Dever

Governor of Massachusetts

PAUL A. DEVER
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

February 21, 1949

To the Graduating Class of 1949:

I welcome the opportunity to extend the greetings of the Commonwealth to the senior class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy through the medium of your class publication "THE MUSTER".

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy (formerly the Massachusetts Nautical School), a division of the Massachusetts Department of Education, founded in 1891 for the purpose of educating and training young men of the Commonwealth to become officers on the ships of the American Merchant Marine has, over the years, achieved an outstanding tradition of accomplishment unexcelled in the entire nation.

It is significant that after fifty-eight years of the school's existence we find in 1949 many more applicants than there are vacancies. Therefore, only young men who are of rugged physique, who possess adequate educational backgrounds, who are amenable to strict discipline, and who are determined in their desire for a seafaring life and a career in the maritime industry can be chosen for training.

You members of the graduating class are such and upon the completion of your training will be ready to follow the footsteps of hundreds of your predecessors who hold responsible positions on our merchant ships, from Captain and Chief Engineer down to the Junior Officers on deck and in the engine room, as well as high executive offices in our Government Maritime Agencies, the Navy, and private shipping companies.

Therefore, in addition to my official greeting, may I personally join with you members of the graduating class of 1949 in heartfelt thanks to the citizens of the Commonwealth as well as to the federal government whose combined efforts have kept this school in the forefront of maritime education in America.

Very sincerely yours,

Paul A. Dever

SUPERINTENDENT

Captain Howard G. Copeland, USNR

Captain Copeland was 1906 Honor Graduate of Massachusetts Nautical School. Immediately commissioned Ensign, Naval Militia, Massachusetts, he rose in rank until 1918, when by Act of Congress he was transferred to the Naval Reserve as Lieutenant Commander. Since that time he has achieved his present rank.

His long career has included the following assignments: Commanding Officer, Training Ships NEWPORT, GLOUCESTER, and ROGERS; Naval Aide to Governors Walsh, McColl, and Coolidge; Superintendent, Cadet School, Naval Militia of Massachusetts; Damage Control Officer, USS GEORGIA during World War I; Executive Officer, Massachusetts Nautical School; Commanding Officer, Training Ships EAGLE 19 and EAGLE 42; Commanding Officer, First Battalion, Naval Reserve; Officer-in-Charge, Naval Reserve Policy Section, Navy Department; Personnel Officer, First Naval District; President, First Naval District General Court Martial; and Superintendent, Masachusetts Maritime Academy.

The Captain has received the following awards among others: World War I and II Victory Medals, the former with Escort Clasp; American Defense and American Theatre Medals; Naval Reserve Medal with three stars; Navy Commendation and Naval Reserve Special Commendation Ribbons, Navy Expert Rifle and Pistol Medals; and Secretary of the Navy Special Commendation letter.

He also holds an unlimited master's license.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

COMMANDER JOHN W. THOMPSON, USMS

As Executive Officer of the Academy, Commander Thompson has won the respect of all the Midshipmen for his taut, yet square, treatment of all of us under his charge.

Graduating from the NANTUCKET in 1912, he spent five years with the Lighthouse Service and one year with the New York-Puerto Rico Line and the Savannah Line. During World War I he was with the U.S. Army mineplanters at Newport.

After the war he returned to the schoolship as Navigator, and remained until 1925. A ten-year period as a Scout Executive followed, during which he organized the Pine Tree Council of Maine and served as Executive Officer of the Quincy Council.

In 1935 he again returned to the NANTUCKET as Navigator, retaining that position until 1941, when the Massachusetts Nautical School came to Hyannis and was renamed the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. At this time he became Executive Officer, and he has devoted himself to building this institution into what it is today.

CHIEF ENGINEER

Lieutenant Commander James M. Murray, USNR

Our esteemed Chief Engineer came to us in August, 1947. Since that time, in teaching and practice Mr. Murray has constantly worked hard to instil engineering know-how into his student. He contributed largely to the preparation of the CHARLESTON for her trip home last year.

Mr. Murray graduated from the Nautical School in 1935, thereafter working with such companies as United Fruit Company, Eastern Steamship Lines, and Cities Service Oil Company until 1942, when he was called into the Navy. His first asignment was as machinery inspector at Boston Navy Yard. Next came a tour of duty as chief engineer at Maine Maritime Academy. In 1945 he was made chief engineer of the USS SANCTUARY, a hospital ship, and in 1946, upon separation, he entered the Veterans' Administration, a position he held until coming here.

Navigator, and head of the department of navigation and seamanship, Mr. Rounds graduated from the Massachusetts Nautical School in 1926, where he was cadet chief officer. After shipping out with Standard Oil Company and United Fruit Company, he reported to the Nautical School as a watch officer in the early 1930's. Since then he has been connected with the Academy, except for a tour of Navy duty during the war. Mr. Round's ability as a teacher of navigation is amply proven by the calibre of the deck graduates who have come under his tutelage. As an officer he commands our respect.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
RICHARD T. ROUNDS, USNR

COMMANDER
LOUIS A. WOODLAND, USNR

Commander Woodland graduated from the schoolship as cadet master in 1929. He shipped out until 1934, when he returned to the school as an instructor. During this time his quiet efficiency and administrative ability have earned the respect of the Midshipmen. Serving in the Navy during the war as navigator and then executive officer of the USS MONROVIA, a troop transport operating in the Pacific, he returned in 1946 as ship construction, communications, and navigation instructor. The 1948 and 1949 cruises found him assigned as navigator of the USTS CHARLESTON, a post he has proven his ability to fill.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
WILLIAM J. CONNORS, USNR

Able teacher of seamanship, Rules of the Road, and Rules for S.I., Mr. Connors graduated from the NANTUCKET in 1932. He came to the Academy as instructor and watch officer in 1940 after shipping out on both cargo vessels and oil tankers. Assigned to the Academy when he went on active duty, he stayed here for some time before being ordered to the USS NEOSHA, a tanker operating in the Pacific. At the end of the war he took command of the USS HESPLAN, a post he held until his return to the Academy in March, 1946. Much credit for the success of our deck cadets goes to Mr. Connors for his rigid insistence on proficiency in the classroom.

Mr. Hirst, instructor of cargo stowage, ship operation, and maritime law, graduated from the NANTUCKET in 1926. After spending many years afloat, including war-time service in the Merchant Marine, he became an instructor at the Maritime Service Upgrade School in Boston. Two years later he accepted a post as director of the Bay State Navigation School, and in June, 1948, he commenced his duties at the Academy.

LIEUTENANT
PAUL G. HIRST, USMS

After graduating from the schoolship in 1932, Mr. Page spent ten years with the American Export and Isthmian Steamship Companies, covering most of the world in his travels. In 1943 he accepted an appointment as Pilot on the Panama Canal, a position he held until he resigned in 1948. He joined the Academy staff in November, 1948 and has been responsible for the maintenance of the CHARLESTON at her berth in Buzzards Bay.

LIEUTENANT
LUCIAN T. PAGE, USMS

CHIEF BOATSWAIN
ARTHUR G. BRENNER

Since his reporting to the NANTUCKET in 1927, Boatswain Brenner has served ably and colorfully as an instructor in practical seamanship. A veteran of many cruises, he handles any shipboard problem with a skill born of long experience and a keen mind.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
WILLIAM H. HEMMERLY, USNR

Electricity, refrigeration, and auxiliaries are the subjects taught by Mr. Hemmerly. For six years after his graduation from the schoolship in 1936, he sailed for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Called to active duty in 1942, he became chief engineer of the USS CONWAY (DD-507) and later of the USS SHANNON (DM-25), serving throughout the Pacific area. Upon separation he became an ice-plant manager until he resigned to accept his position here in 1947.

Mr. Swanson, instructor in boilers and Rules and Regulations, came to the Academy in January, 1948. Graduating from the schoolship in 1941, he became a shipyard machinist until he found a berth with American Export Lines. Leaving this post in 1946, he served as boiler inspector and safety engineer with Phoenix Indemnity Insurance Company. Mr. Swanson has instituted a high degree of efficiency in the boiler division on the CHARLESTON.

ENSIGN
LINWOOD G. SWANSON, USNR

Mr. Crosby, who joined the staff in June, 1948, graduated from the Nautical School in 1931. Since that time he has been active in the marine industry, serving for almost six years as chief engineer of various training vessels of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps and shipping out with numerous steamship companies. As an assistant engineering officer, Mr. Crosby has contributed to the excellent condition of the CHARLESTON.

LIEUTENANT
JAMES D. CROSBY, USNR

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
RICHARD P. HODSDON, USNR

A graduate of Colby College, with a M. Ed. degree from Bates College, Mr. Hodsdon has had a long career both in the field of education and the Navy. In World War I he served on the USS KEARSARGE and at Harvard Officers' School. Between wars he shipped with American Hawaiian Lines and taught school. During World War II he served as Assistant Personnel Officer, Norfolk Naval Air Station, HECP officer at Balboa, and Commanding Officer of Tongatabu and Funafuti in the Pacific before coming to the Academy in 1947 to teach economics and history.

LIEUTENANT
ADMONT G. CLARK, USCGR

Our English literature and composition instructor came to the school in August, 1946. Having graduated from Amherst College in 1940, he worked in the purchasing department of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey until early 1943, when he entered the Coast Guard Reserve School. Upon being commissioned, he was assigned to convoy escort duty in the Atlantic for a year and a half. Then he took command of an auxiliary freighter carrying Army cargo between bases in New Guinea and the Philippines, until the end of hostilities.

A fiery shock of red hair and a forcible but amiable personality mark the young athletic director and mathematics instructor of the Academy. When no football coach was obtainable he took over the post and through perseverance moulded a team over a period of two years. A NROTC graduate of Holy Cross College, he became communications and radio officer aboard the USS ASTORIA and USS PITTSBURG. Mr. Harrington possesses the spirit that will some day give the Academy a good, well-rounded athletic program.

LIEUTENANT (J. G.)
LEE HARRINGTON, USNR

Having taken his B. S. degree at New York University, Mr. Jaillet studied at the Sorbonne in Paris for four years. Upon his return he took his M. A. in psychology at the State Teachers' College, Montclair, New Jersey. From 1935 to 1942 he taught languages at the Montclair Academy, coaching the rifle and tennis teams as well. After two years at Peekskill Academy, as head of the modern languages department, he went to the Newark Academy, and from there to Admiral Farragut Academy. He arrived at the Academy in September, 1948 to take up his duties as Spanish and history instructor.

LIEUTENANT
CHARLES L. JAILLET, MMA

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
JOHN M. CEASE, USN

Mr. Cease is a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, class of 1939. After service on battleships and destroyers the first year of war found him serving on the staff of Rear Admiral J. S. McCain. After duty aboard the USS MOBILE as assistant gunnery officer, Mr. Cease went to the Naval Reserve Midshipman School, Columbia University. In 1946 he was first lieutenant aboard the USS INDEPENDENCE, a target ship at Bikini. From there he went to the USS TUCSON as navigator before being assigned as head of the Naval Science Department in 1947. By his untiring efforts he has brought the company to peak efficiency in uniform and drill.

LIEUTENANT (J. G.)
HARRY E. WEBER, USN

A veteran member of the Naval Science Department, Mr. Weber is an able instructor who is ever willing to help a Midshipman in difficulties with his studies. He is a Navy man of fifteen years' experience, having achieved his commission by coming "up the hawspipe" and retaining it through leadership and study. Since his favorite sport is target practice, he greatly enjoys going to Camp Edwards range with the midshipmen, giving them pointers on the fine art of handling the Springfield rifle as well as driving—California style.

Another Naval Science Department instructor is Mr. Combs, an ambitious, hard-working officer who taught us communications when we first entered the Academy, and later many other subjects. To him went the duty of keeping the old SC-1321 in good shape while she was attached to the school. He also is a fine example of those naval officers who have come up through the ranks and have served well in the war.

LIEUTENANT (J. G.)
ELZIE E. COMBS, USN

COMMANDER GEORGE H. UPTON, USN (Ret.)

In the pay office we find the worthy successor to Mr. Parker. Commander Upton came to us from the First Naval District, where he was Senior Assistant Supply Officer. After completing courses at the University of California he enlisted in the Navy in 1908, was a member of the Transport Service in World War I, and served on such vessels as the USS OREGON, USS ST. LOUIS, USS SAN DIEGO, USS PENNSYLVANIA, and others. During the last war he was Supply Officer at the Fargo Building for two years and War Plans Officer (Supply Division) for the First Naval District. On coming to the Academy he completely reorganized the pay department.

WE THANK YOU

To all those officers who have left the Academy but have aided us greatly on the road to success we wish to express our deepest gratitude.

SHIP'S COMPANY

GRADUATES

FOREWORD

NOW IS THE DAY! You are shoving off; crossing the Academy gangway for the last time before commencing your cruise into new waters; your "trick" as Midshipman is over; the watch has ended and you are about to get underway for the future, under your own power.

Most of you came here as boys right out of High or "Prep" School. Here you faced entirely new conditions and problems. Here you have lived and studied, drilled, worked, played and "carried on" in the tradition of those who have preceded you in this place. Like your predecessors, you have learned the basic essentials of a sea-going officer's profession. You have acquired the habit of obedience; you have developed initiative, trustworthiness, honesty of purpose, respect for authority, and respect for the rights and property of others. You have been members of a team and know the necessity for team-work. You have become conscious of the simple dignity of work and the satisfaction of a job well done. You have learned that loyalty is the core around which any successful and efficient organization must be built. You have come to know the value of true friendship and the meaning of the most fraternal term in the lexicon of words of any language — SHIPMATE. In a very short time you have become men.

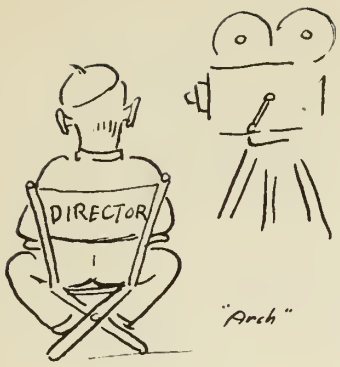
All of this has not been easy, but it has led you steadily forward toward the goal of your immediate desire. You are today the proud possessor of a hard-earned diploma of a time-honored institution known and highly respected for its contribution in the field of maritime education, not only in Massachusetts but throughout the entire maritime world. What is even more — you have, in high degree, become the possessor of those priceless things, self-discipline and self-respect.

You have accomplished these things during a most difficult but significant time for the Academy — the years of transition from a wartime to a peacetime schedule; the years of transition from cruising in a Maritime Commission training ship under Maritime Commission auspices to the acquisition and operation of your own well-appointed training ship; the years of transition from a purely secondary school status to that of a degree-granting, college-level institution. You have built new traditions and set new standards. You have been clothed with the added distinction of a Baccalaureate Degree — the first graduates of this Academy to be so privileged and honored under the authority of the General Court of the Commonwealth on the basis of a curriculum approved by the Board of Collegiate Authority. You have been better trained and educated and are better equipped than any previous graduates. You are under a greater degree of obligation to all who have in any way contributed to these highly important developments. A correspondingly greater responsibility rests upon each of you in the meeting of this obligation.

"Going to sea" will involve its sacrifices, disappointments, hardships, trials, and defeats. For those who possess the required stamina and courage it will also have its satisfactions, victories, and compensations. Only those in whose hearts and fibre dwells a love of the sea that transcends almost every other attachment can understand or share with you the reason for your choice of profession. Perhaps it is the satisfaction of doing a man's work in an essentially man's field; perhaps it is the satisfaction that comes from being a part of one of the two oldest traditions known to man — "Arms and Chivalry" and "Following the Sea." Whatever it is, you are well qualified for an officer's billet in the Merchant Marine, or in the Navy should circumstances unfortunately require your services in defense of your country. You go your appointed ways worthy sons of a worthy Alma Mater.

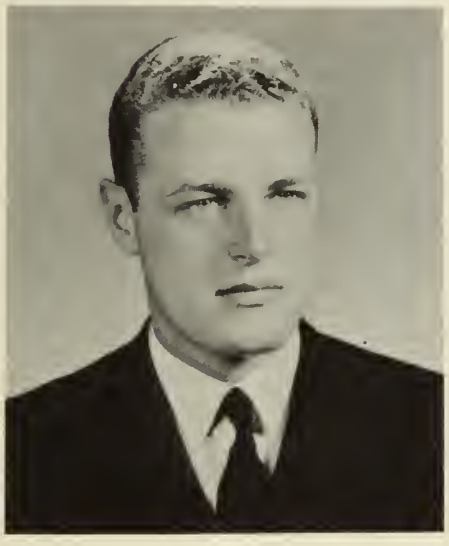
During the time we have spent here together I have known you well; and I have felt officially and personally very close to each one of you. You have my confidence, my respect, and my best wishes for good health and a successful career.

Sincerely your friend,
H. G. COPELAND
Captain, USNR
Superintendent



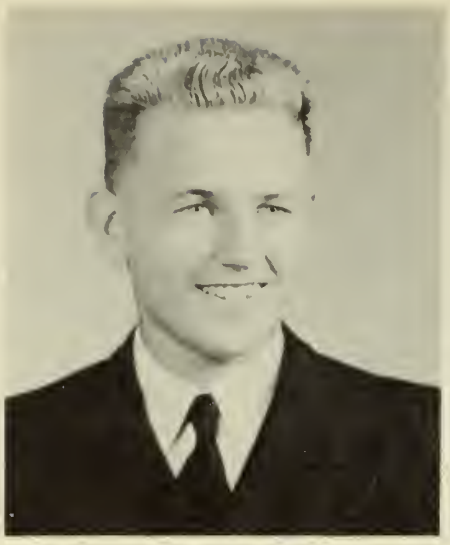
ARCHIE SCOTT AMIOT
Brook Street, Scituate, Mass.
Mdsn. Officer, Baseball Mgr., Glee Club

Arch, the dynamic Scituate mastermind, excels in directing plays. He is always high on the study list and is charactcrized by his ready wit and humor. An efficient cadet officer and a hard working engineer, hc will achicve all his goals.



HAROLD WAKEFIELD BASSETT
28 Field Street, Brockton, Mass.
Cadet Officer, Class Officer, Full and By.
Pres. Propeller Club

Bitter Bud is another member of G. H. Q. His brilliance in studies and leadership qualities have hclped him attain a high standing in our class. Little is known of Bud's outside activities except that he generally will be found near the Hingham route. His success is assured by his poise and confident manner.



ROBERT PIERSON BLATCHFORD
Hammond Street, Rowley, Mass.
Mdsn. Officer, Petty Officer, Full and By, Muster, Glee Club

His efficiency and scholastic achievments marked *Bob* early in his career as a man who would go far. A Beau Brummel, his heart belongs to Cape Cod. His commanding voice stirs all to action. An early cadet officer, he helped mould our company into the efficient organization it is today.

JOHN GEORGE BRAVACOS, JR.
5 Walden Road, Wakefield, Mass.
Mdsn. Officer, Full and By, Muster Staff, Glee Club, Football, Baseball

Garopolis always tries to work a deal. He is quite an organizer, characterized by his ready smile and willing hand. His epitaph might well be: "But nothing ever happens down here, Chief". Endowed with a quick wit and a good business mind, John will do well in any industry.

ROBERT DAVID CARPENTER
14 Rockland Road Court, Auburn, Mass.
Football, Baseball, Glee Club

Deac bought a lemon, worked hard, very hard, and still has a lemon in the parking lot. He is a darn good practical man, and handy in the muscle department also. He has kept the gripe situation always on the hilarious level with his outstanding sense of humor, jovial nature, and clowning antics.

EDWARD JOSEPH CASEY, JR.
21 Strathmore Road, Brookline, Mass.
Glee Club

Ed far surpasses us all in working deals. A veritable recluse, he is always found missing at the right time. He is a self-styled "Missouri" gambler, disarming all with his broad smile. Jovial and jolly, he has everything worked out on a probability basis. *Sparks* loves to tinker with radio and radar.

THOMAS MILLAR CASS
412 Huntington Avenue, Hyde Park, Mass.
Petty Officer, Full and By, Muster Staff, Dance Comm., Glee Club

The blond curly haired fellow with the "I had a damn good weekend" speech on the tip of his tongue, is *Tom*. He is well liked by his classmates for his sense of humor, ability to get things done, and true friendship. To him we all wish the best of luck and success..

DONALD HAYDN CHASE
Standish Way, West Yarmouth, Mass.
Band, Orchestra, Football, Glee Club

Donny strode through our portals already conversant with knock-abouts. He has sailed many an M. M. A. boat to victory and prizes. Equally adept with needle or line, he has quite a knack for fancy rope and canvaswork. As the local laundry czar, he helped keep those uniforms clean. Nobody will forget those parties at Ma Chase's.

JAMES JOSEPH CONWAY, JR.
390 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.
Petty Officer, Glee Club

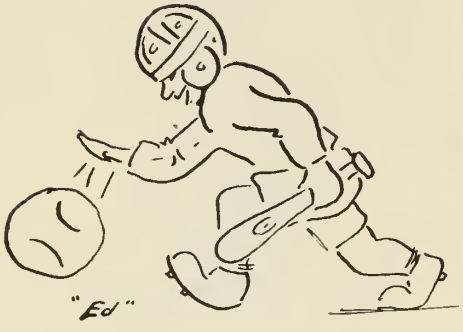
Jim came to us from the famed seaport of olden days, Salem. A dependable man on any occasion, he is quiet about his homelife, but charms the ladies with his smile and wit. On the other hand, he is serious in his studies and should make a fine officer.

MACLEAN CROWELL
Standish Way, West Yarmouth, Mass.
Band, Baseball, Glee Club

Another son of the cranberry, he loves nothing better than a good lively argument. A good man at jumping fences, a buyer of expensive jewelry, and a frequent visitor to the cottage, *Mac's* hearty laugh and unique talent for ducking trouble should prove invaluable to him in his future life.

EDWARD ANTHONY DEFELICE
8 Porter Street, Watertown, Mass.
Mdsn. Officer, Petty Officer, Band, Orchestra, Glee Club, Baseball Mgr.

Dee, our swoon-crooner hailing from Watertown, is endowed with a charm to woo women. An efficient seaman and capable mariner, he is a familiar sight in the best social circles, where he discourses feverently on his favorite subject—food. He is a veritable wizard in a bridge game.



EDWARD WILLIAM DORSEY
242 South Street, Foxboro, Mass.
Football, Baseball, Basketball, Glee Club

From Foxboro came *Ed,* a prominent horsetrader, to lend his strong back to all our teams. His prowess has earned him the title of "triple-threat" and has marked him as almost indispensable both athletically and socially. The boys will best remember him as "Pop's Guardian Angel" and as a member of the "team".

GERALD EDGAR DOWNS
172 Goden Street, Belmont, Mass.
P. O. Cox., Band, Orchestra,
Glee Club, Full and By

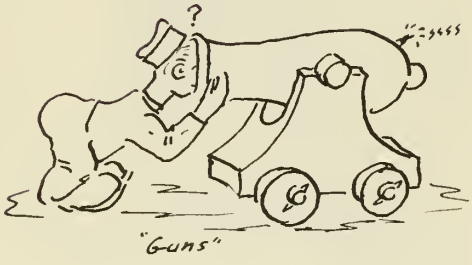
Jerry, the boy master jokester, is an ardent rollerskating fan, an excellent fisherman and small boat handler. Pilot of the "open air taxi", he cons the red streak between Hyannis and Boston. He will always be remembered for his impromptu flash-bulb pictures and his making many a dull moment laughable.

ALFRED CLARK DUNK
10 Governor Road, Arlington, Mass.
Petty Officer, Football,
Century Club, Glee Club

Sonny worked his passage to the Century Club during our '48 cruise. For three seasons he has held down the tackle slot on our football team. He is everyone's friend and is always ready to discuss the good life of Sanbornville, N. H. He will always be remembered for his husky frame, good nature, ability to learn, and fondness for work.

WALTER PHILIP EHNES
64 North Street, Medfield, Mass.
Mdsn. Officer, Basketball

"What! Huh! Who! Eh! Me?" This is *Walt* who concentrates on his studies so deeply, he is often oblivious to the rest of us. A former member of room 15's five shady characters, and their short order cook, he is a hustler from way back and can always be found in choice rear seats.



WILLIAM CARLTON FINCH
37 Maple Street, Hyannis, Mass.
Gunners Mate, Track, Glee Club

Little Bill has often been accused of wearing his brother's uniform. He is frequently seen, as a blue and gold streak down South street going home for supper. His agile mind and ability will take him wherever he may want to go.

WATSON IRVING FOURNIER
9 Navillus Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.
Petty Officer, Color Guard,
Dance Comm., Glee Club

Watty, the boy with plans, imagination, and determination, is always fighting hard for what he feels is right. In the engine room he is always learning, working, and checking the plant, and is well-known for his economical conservation of dungarees and the ever-present flashlight.

PAUL FUSINI
121 Dorchester Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass.
Mdsn. Officer, Football, Glee Club

Paul, our senior engineering cadet, has always impressed people by a driving will, powerful character and strong body. He is a good student, and can still manage to get the fullest enjoyment of all his activities, which includes hunting, football, and cottage dates.

WALTER LEONARD GOODWIN
19 Albright Street, West Roxbury, Mass.
Baseball, Basketball, Glee Club

Lennie, another member of dusky room 15, came to us to add his skill to our teams. Although comparatively quiet, *Len* is a valuable classmate and buddy. Meticulous in dress and handsome in appearance, he is in constant social demand.

WARREN ARTHUR GOODWIN
27 Hawthorne Avenue, Arlington
P.O. Color Guard, Muster Staff, Band

Coming from a long line of Marine Engineers, *Tiny* plans to follow in the footsteps of his father. He is ever ready with the know how necessary for a competent engineer. *Tiny* is famous for his sociable nature. His heart leaps up when he beholds a turbine up to speed.

RICHARD CARL GOW
19 Oakwood Avenue, Auburn
P.O., Dance Committee, Full and By, Muster Staff

Who will forget that laughter of *Dick's*? A great lady's man, *Dick* loves to join in our numerous breeze-shooting contests at the academy. He is a top student and conscientious worker, but always has time to muse over *Deac's* jokes. We wish him the best of luck.

RICHARD WILLIAM HALL
21 Lockeland Avenue, Arlington, Mass.
Band, Electrician's Mate, Glee Club

Bingo, our pocket-sized clarinet player, lends his support to our band. Another candidate for Lucky Teter, and a first class bulb-snatcher, he is a familiar sight in the small corners of the engine room. His favorite expression is "yeah" which can be heard a half-mile away on a clear day.

WILLIAM FRANCIS HAMM
88 Essex Street, Marlboro, Mass.
Glee Club

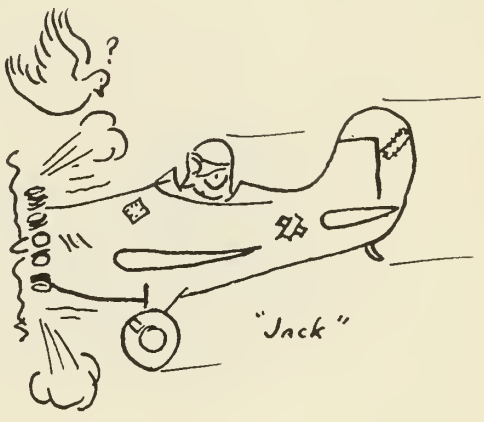
Willie is characterized by a broad grin and ribald laughter. One of the class Romeos, he owns more lotions than a cut-rate store. *Bill* is liked by all, and can sink a sailboat any day if given half a chance.

HARRY OSCAR HELLBERG
South Main Street, Centerville, Mass.
Band, Glee Club

Harry is one of the local boys who answered the call of King Neptune. An avid student, he thinks nothing of burning the midnight oil. He always asks, "Do you think there will be a test?" Endowed with a vivid memory, Harry has managed successfully to memorize all the Rules of the Road.

ROBERT SPLAINE ISHERWOOD
2 Bradford Avenue, Fall River, Mass.
Band, Glee Club, Basketball

As polished as the apple he's watching, he is never one to exploit his latent muscular energy. His musical career was cut short because of the difference in weight between a Springfield rifle and a pair of cymbals. *Ish* will surely succeed with his quick wit, charm and versatility.

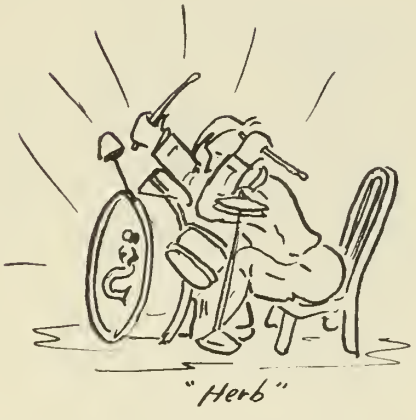


FRANKLIN PIERCE JACKSON, II
Pleasant Street, South Yarmouth
Muster Staff, Gunner's Mate, Rifle Team

"Take care of me—here's a nickel and a phone number—let me know if anything happens." With a cup of coffee and a smoke in hand, at home, at sea, on land, or in the air, Jack's personality is at its best. He is always ready to lend a helping hand and has a good word for everyone.

BRUCE HEYWORTH JOHNSON
58 Hughes Street, Quincy
Glee Club, Band, Basketball

Abdul is a familiar sight leading the band. He chugs to and from home in his limousine. A good student, he follows his brother into shipping circles. He filled the missing link of the basketball team.

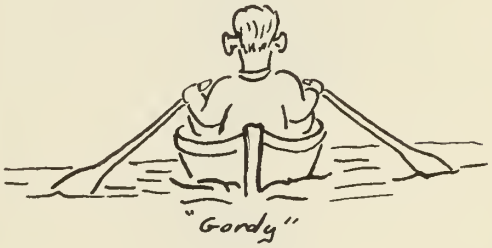


HERBERT JEREMIAH KEARSLEY, JR.
White Horse Beach, Plymouth
Band, Orchestra, Football, Baseball

Erbo, our "boogie woogie" drummer boy also doubles well as a shifty half-back in football. Herb's gripes have lent moral support to many a session. An efficient practical man, he is equally at home in the machine shop and engine room.

RICHARD FOSTER ANTHONY
KEENAN
36 Walnut Street, Milton
Mdsn. Officer, Band, Glee Club

Dick worked his way up to assistant band master. Never will we forget those rides up route three toward Boston in the "batmobile" and the "bomber"! Always school spirited, he took part in many affairs and was a great sports fan at our games. We're sure a brilliant future awaits him.



GORDON BLAIR LAWRY
117 Lincoln Street, Melrose
Mdsn. Officer, Glee Club, Football, Baseball, Basketball

Gordie, a downeaster, came to us straight from the fishing smacks. His most treasured possession is his Bowditch. He charmed us all with tales of his "Judith Ann". He has more patent medicines than a drug store, and he checks and double checks everything. He delights in fooling with a piece of line — a true lover of the sea.

DONALD BENJAMIN LEACH
2063 County Street, Somerset
Mdsn. Officer, Glee Club, Full and By

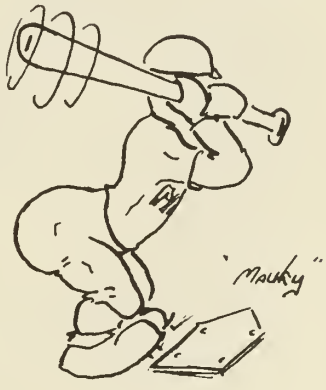
Donny, the prodigal son of Brown U., will never be forgotten. Big stories, deals, and women are as much a part of him as his fondness for the sea. We all hope that someday *Donny's* dreams come true.

EDWIN LEGGE
178 Euclid Avenue, Lynn
Glee Club

Dealer Ed, a fast man with the ladies, charms them with his cowboy boots. Endowed with a sharp wit, he can quickly think up numerous sharp retorts. Ed lacks little in the knowledge of practical seamanship.

WILFRED JOSEPH LELIEVRE
Lebanon Street, Quincy
Elec. Mate, Football, Glee Club

A secretive smile, five o'clock shadow, unkempt hair, and a fuse-puller mark *Bill* LeLievre, M.M.A's answer to Reddy Kilowatt. On the football team Wilfred starred as left back, bringing the crowd to their feet with his thrilling runs. Constantly tinkering with some kind of gadget, he sometimes manages to fix them.

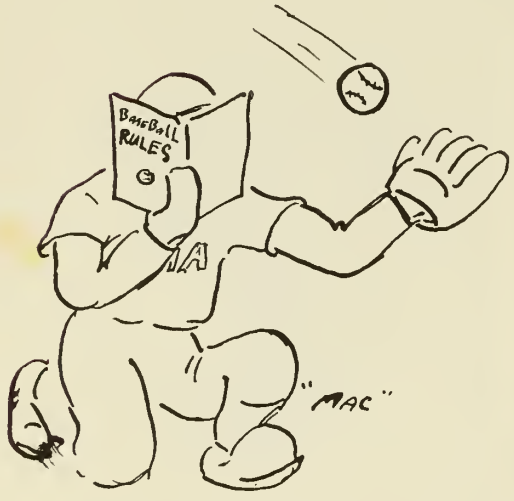


DONALD RAVENAL MACBETH
507 Waltham Street, Lexington
Football, Baseball, Basketball, Glee Club

Mauky, natural athlete, has added his prowess to our baseball, basketball, and football teams. A true, dependable friend, he can always be counted upon to take care of the boys. His every gesture is a ceremonious one, for he knows the value of ceremony in an otherwise brusque world.

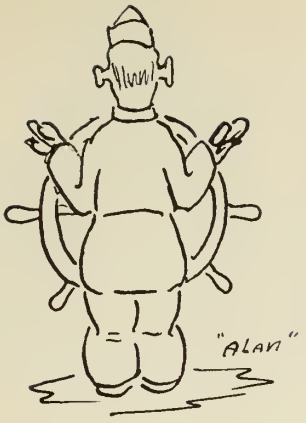
JAMES FRANCIS McAVENIA, JR.
22 High Street, South Acton
Mdsn. Officer, Glee Club, Full and By, Class Pres.

Immediately becoming the leader of our class and later company commander, he earned the respect of both officers and midshipmen. Strictly guiding the underclassmen and always ready to help his own classmates, *Cap'n. Mac* shows promise of becoming a man we'll be proud to have known.



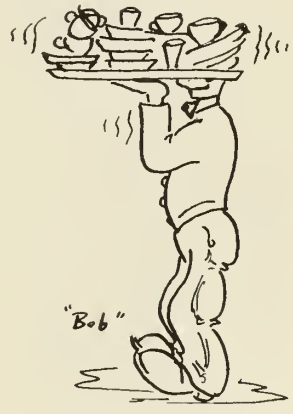
ROBERT JOSEPH McGRATH
35 Mary Street, Arlington
Mdsn. Officer, Baseball, Basketball

The reliable encyclopedia of sports events, athletes or geography, this natural pitcher or shortstop is an aggressive valve turner. He has that fine combination of charm and ability which will carry him to his goal.



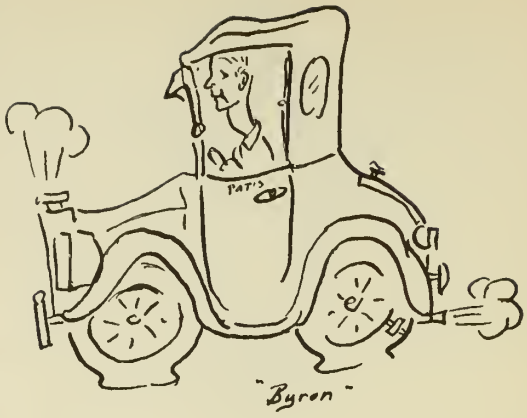
ALAN McNAUGHTON
72 Harbor View Avenue, Winthrop
Mdsn. Officer

Up at dawn for star sights, working them out all night, Alan never forgets his aim. As second platoon leader *Cdr. Fignewton* has whipped his group into a crack outfit. May he never have to set foot on land.



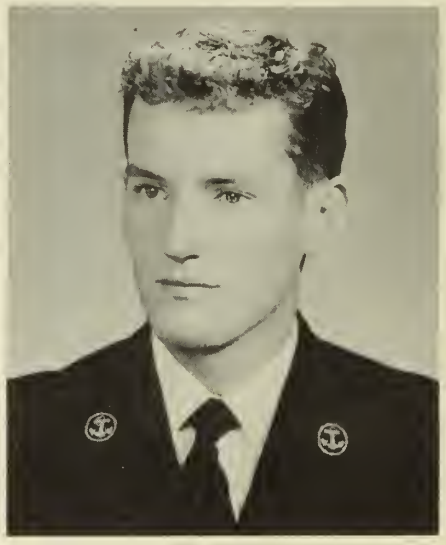
ROBERT HALLETT NEILL
61 Brantwood Road, Arlington
Mdsn. Officer, Football, Glee Club

One of those few gifted with both practical and theoretical talents, he reigns undisputed as one of our best engineers. He seems to acquire friends easily especially those in skirts, and he turns every situation to advantage.



ROBERT PETER NELSON
Cunningham Road, Harvard
Glee Club

The Byron is our own version of "Don't get mad, get Madden". Very quiet and unimposing, he is a good student of engineering and feminine psychology. The '48 cruise was almost his Waterloo, but *Bob* came through fighting and for him the class wishes and predicts a very successful career.



GERARD JAMES NORTON
125 East Central Street, Natick
Glee Club

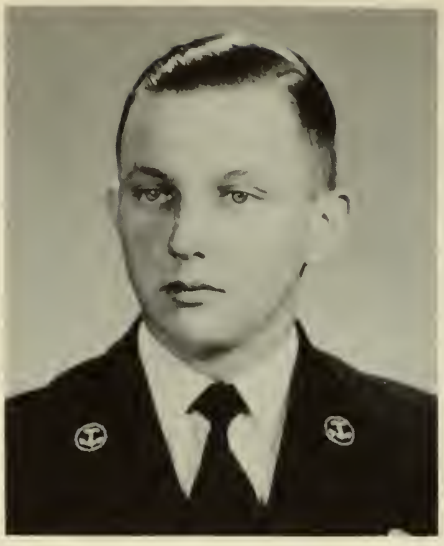
Jerry stomped aboard from the wilds of Natick complete in coonskin hat. A ladies man, he needs a file to keep track of them all. Quiet and unassuming, he will lend a helping hand willingly. Since he is proud of his red hair he dislikes wearing a hat.

JOSEPH FRANCIS O'CONNOR
5 Milton Street, Cambridge
Baseball, Muster Staff, Golf Club

Doctor, teller of tall tales, second hand car magnate, and escort of the Cape's most beautiful women, will long be remembered by the gang for his literary talents and baseball skill. Joe is a jack-of-all-trades and master too, a thinker of exceptional deals and inventor of most of our popular quips.

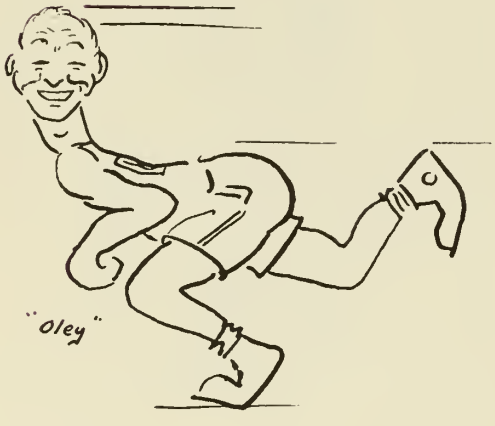
CARL THEODORE OHRN, JR.
269 Winter Street, Hyannis
Mdsn. Officer, Football, V. Pres. Prop. Club

C.T., one of our Swedish sailors, comes to us straight from Cape Cod. A handy man with a knockabout, he is well known about the ship and academy for his many imitations of Tarzan. He is always jovial, full of fun, and can bring life to any occasion.



DANIEL JOHN O'LEARY
56 Hyde Park Avenue, Forest Hills
Band, Full and By, Muster Staff, Glee Club

In the middle of any conversation you'll find *Dan,* contributing his fast line of chatter and amiable laughter. Always a good student, he is continually right up near the top on the hit parade. Yes, we'll always remember *Dan's* linguistic abilities, robust stature, and hearty good nature.



WILLIAM NATHAN OLSON
12 Margaret Street, Arlington
Track, Glee Club

Smiley is a man shrouded in mystery — a distinguished member of the nine-to-ninety club. It is rumored that he can see with his eyes closed. An example of precision and accuracy, Mr. Facts and Figures can quote names and figures or dates with untiring effort.

ROBERT FRANCIS O'ROURKE
2061 Washington St., Newton Lower Falls
Football Mgr., Glee Club Mgr.

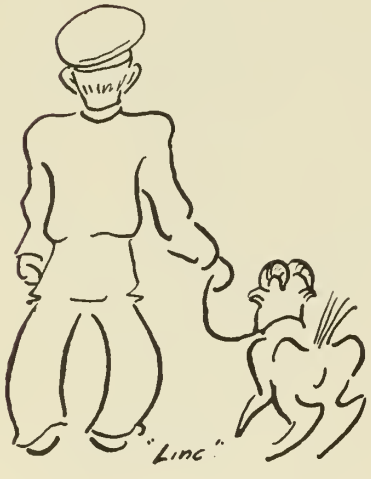
Charter member of the "dusky" clan, he thrills us all with his stories of daring feats on the Western plains and Pacific islands. All will remember his "job" boots, his sharp demanding way with underclassmen, and his smooth cajoling way with women.

JOHN LOUIS PETERS
37 Beaumont Avenue, Newtonville
Mdsn. Officer, Full and By, Muster Staff, Football

Bobo is a fast man with studies and an outstanding gent on the gridiron. A true leader, *Pete* is one of our longest-reigning cadet officers. Proud of his curly hair, he always lets it blow in the brèeze. Pete's efficiency and easy going, genial nature will take him far along any road he travels.

HAYDEN THAYER PRATT
South River Street, Marshfield
P.O. Sgnlmn., Baseball, Basketball

A fast line of chatter and a face-splitting grin are Hayden's trademarks. Among his interests is his fire-ball pitching. Although his mind may be on the sea, his heart will always be with his dog and gun in the woods of New Hampshire. Good hunting, *Buzz.*



LINCOLN ROUNSEVILLE
Rounseville Road, Rochester
C.P.O., Football, Baseball, Basketball, Glee Club

"Rounseville's the name, suh" is perhaps his most famous saying. *Linc* journeyed all the way from Rochester to pursue his sea career. One of our outstanding athletes, an apt student, and a good seaman, *Linc* contains the ingredients of success.

CARLETON WINSTANLEY SCOTT
Hanover Street, West Hanover
Football, Glee Club

A mainstay in the football line, *Sougy* is well recognized hereabouts for his strength and agility. Hanover can be proud of this son who has turned seaward in quest of adventure and work. He's always ready to take part in a little kidding or one of those card games.

ROBERT HARVEY SCOTT
301 New Boston Road, Fall River
P.O., Football, Glee Club

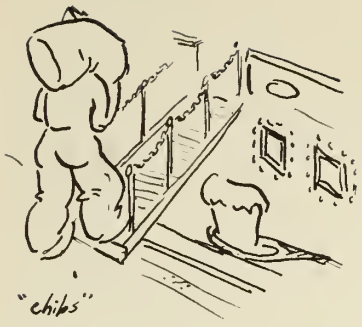
"I've had a crushing day" is a by-word of Bob's. Master of the horizontal, he would rather sleep than eat. He is a member of the 10% club and sailoft society. A leading man with the knockabouts, he has given H.Y.C. many a merry chase.

IRA LAWRENCE SIMPSON
Old Harbor Road, Chatham
Baseball, Band, Orchestra

With salt traces still on his slicker, Ira came to us straight from the Chatham dories, herring dangling from his pockets. A natural seaman, he is always found in his bunk like an old master preparing for an emergency. Our only southpaw pitcher, Ira pulled many a game out of the hat.

JAMES ARTHUR SMITH
8 North Street, Hyannis
Football, Muster Staff, Full and By, Dance Comm.

Jimmy, the talented artist of our class, unselfishly gives his time to produce comic cartoons brightening up every class function. Endowed with a sense of humor and avid mind, Jim is well liked by all. We wish him every success for the future.



EINAR WALFRID STROM, JR.
89 Poplar Street, Watertown
P.O., Cpntrs. Mate, Glee Club

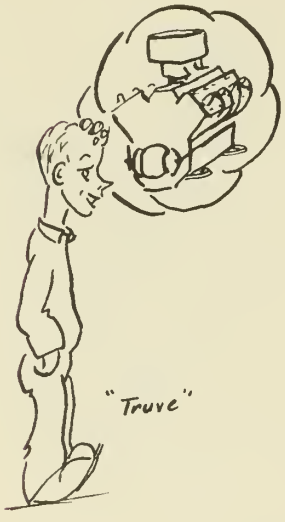
Chips, our own little shaver, is a quick man with a hammer and saw. He is a veteran of the rolling seas; good natured, easy-going, ready to lend a helping hand. Characterized by his rolling gait and port list, he is also an advocate of square port holes.

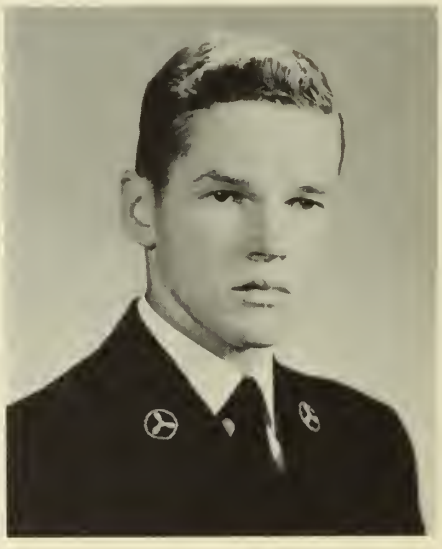
RAYMOND JOHN TELFORD, JR.
200 Pleasant Street, Methuen
Band, Track, Glee Club

Hailing from the wooly wilds of Methuen, he is a fast man with figures and crossword puzzles. Mainstay of the band's percussion section, he is endowed with a keen mind and a quick wit. He shrugs off cares and worries effortlessly with a puff of his fuming pipe.

ALLAN GEORGE THOMPSON
51 Winthrop Avenue, Lawrence
P.O., Buglr, Band, Orchestra, Glee Club

Algy hails from north of the Merrimac. The "DA" boy of bugle fame, he is the inspiration for the morning by-word "hold that bugle", and can always be found in his sack. A familiar sight on the streets of Dennisport, he is the undisputed champion of the "shined shoes" contest.





WILLIAM JOHN TRUVEDSON
82 Grandview Road, Arlington
P.O., Glee Club

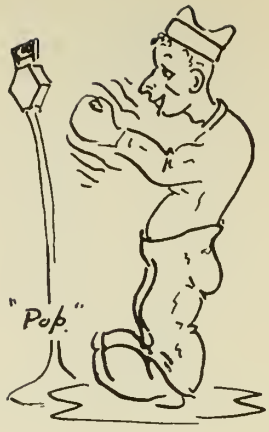
Motors has always been a conscientious worker toward everything he tackles, even women. He will always be remembered for his love for "hot rods" and "wild life". As with everyone else, Academy life has either brought out or changed his personality. Favorite haunts of Bill's seemed to be the steam lab, Dunbar's Point, and Joe's.

ROBERT EDWARD VAUGHN
187 Orange Street, Roslindale
P.O., Football, Glee Club

Bob, our rugged linesman, earned the name *Tank,* for his terrific onslaughts on the gridiron. A conscientious student with a bellowing voice, he can be seen lumbering to and from studies burdened with books. King of the shaftalley, he comments, "When you've seen one you've seen them all."

OSCAR JOHN VOGEL
14 Thurston Road, Watertown
Cox., Full and By, Glee Club

His muscular stature earned him the name of *Vitamin. Boats* is a veritable Brittanica of seamanship knowledge and is always ready to assist in the seamanship arts of the palm and needle. Oscar is always at his best with a cigarette in his mouth.



DONALD FREDERICK WARNER
51 Howland Terrace, Worcester
P.O., Muster Staff, Full and By, Baseball, Sec.-Treas., Prop.

Pop, our versatile little man whose every phrase is humor, is a ball of fire on the basepaths, speediest valve turner, quickest wit, frenetic lover, and addict of odd-brand smokes. His humorous quips and cliches will long linger in the minds of his classmates.

SEYMOUR IVAN ZIMMERMAN
85 Olmsted Drive, Springfield
Mdsn. Officer, Band Master, Orchestra, Basketball Mgr.

Zimmy, a familiar figure leading the band or orchestra, is characterized by his ear-splitting grin and ready laugh. Well liked by all, the *Maestro* is a terrific sax player. He is not afraid to go out of his way to do a favor; we wish him every success.

FORMER CLASSMATES

George Melvin Duke, 125 Alexander Avenue, Medford

Lester Grinspoon, 45 Morseland Avenue, Newton Centre

Herman Lynn Harris, 102 Main Street, West Springfield

Wallace Randall Kittredge, 196 Walnut Street, Wellesley Hills

John Arthur Nerbonne, 30 Thornlea Terrace, Brockton

Alden Eugene Rammel, 8 Broad Street, Plainville

James Costas Sethares, 43 Ridgewood Avenue, Hyannis

Donald Winsor Shankle, 244 East Boylston Street, Watertown

Edward Anthony Sullivan, 18 Gaylord Street, South Hadley Falls

Frank Michael Sinclitico, Jr., 53 Liberty Street, North Adams

James Patrick David Waters, 41 Janet Road, Newton Centre

FIRST CLASS LOG

On the 18th and 19th of March, 1946, seventy-two wide-eyed and eager young civilians arrived within the portals of the Academy from all corners of the state. They thought they knew what they were doing, but for a long time became less and less certain of their goal, as the weary round of watches, turn-to, and classes descended on them.

The first week was taken up with drills, turn-to, and practical work (gardening and seamanship). The SC-1321 arrived from Boston, and almost overnight it was transformed into a glistening yacht under the cracking bull-whip of "Unca Bill". The kaleidoscope whirled faster and faster, as we learned to stand watches and began to dig into the strange books that had been issued to us.

But first we had to doff our civilian clothes and habits of mind and speech. Very soon indeed we were assigned to rooms and were being issued an appalling mound of gear, the uses of some of which we were not even dimly aware of. Here we heard for the first time the immortal phrase, "If it's too big it'll shrink; if it's too small it'll stretch." Too soon we were introduced to the first of Moe's countless sumptuous repasts in the main dining salon.

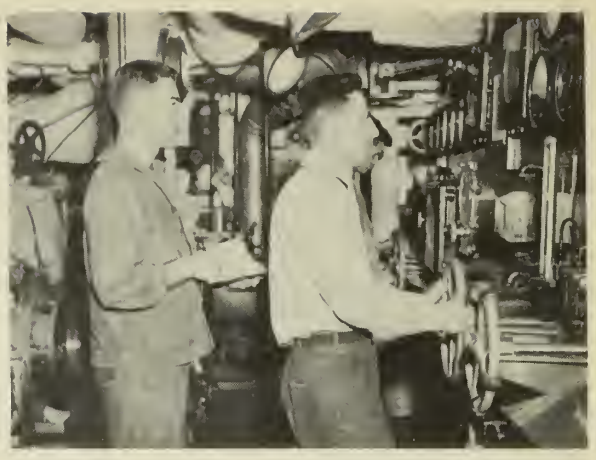
Suddenly we found ourselves three months older and much wiser — and we realized that the first class would soon be with us. All the self-confidence that we had so carefully collected during our time alone at the Academy deserted us in the crisis. They came. We learned all about "hurricanes." Intensive training taught us to bound at the blood-curdling cry of "YOUNG MAN!"

The trees blushed and dropped their leaves, and we soon learned what a Cape Cod winter was like. Gradually our burden lightened as the second class left for its last cruise after Christmas; and then shortly thereafter the "old regime" passed: the first class graduated. Gone were the days of unusual activities. We were no longer "young men." A number of us attended the annual Alumni Association banquet in Boston.

Early in the summer of 1946 the flag of Commodore Bassett was hauled down and Captain Copeland, to whom we have dedicated the MUSTER for his untiring efforts in our behalf, became Superintendent. That summer sped by, highlighted by numerous weekend cruises in "Sugar Charlie" and sailing and rowing under the watchful guidance of the first class. At the Captain's suggestion a glee club was formed, making several public appearances including one on the local radio station.

With the coming of the blue skies of spring we started work on our boats, eagerly waiting for the day when we could match our skill against the other skippers of Hyannis. We soon found that we had learned much about the fine art of sailing.

The new class, equally as wide-eyed as we had been, entered in the summer of 1947, and again the old cry of "YOUNG MAN!" reverberated through the passageways. This time, however, we were doing the shouting instead of the quivering. Indoctrination was swift and sure. The strong survived, and with them we began to look forward to our first cruise.



After Christmas leave we finished the task of preparation and began our wait for the day. On 16 January, 1948, we boarded buses and set off for the State Pier, where the USMSTS AMERICAN SAILOR, with the Maine Academy already aboard, was waiting to take us on the first leg of our cruise.

Preparations began with the careful stowage of our boats. Crate after crate piled up in the rec. hall as we boxed material to be taken out to the CHARLESTON in San Francisco. A selected few soon found out how cold those long truck-rides to Buzzards Bay could be.

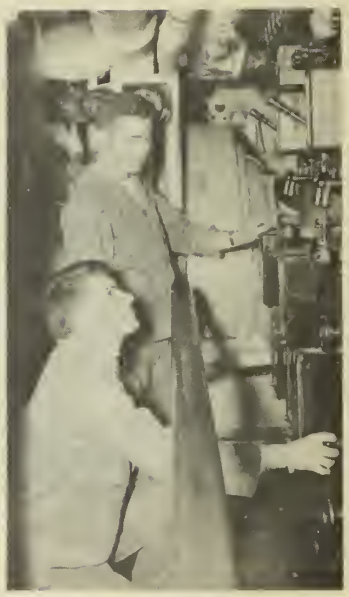
After three and a half months of hard work and relaxation, including visits to foreign ports and experience gained in operating three different types of ships, we returned to Buzzards Bay with our new ship, the USTS CHARLESTON, of which we are all quite proud.

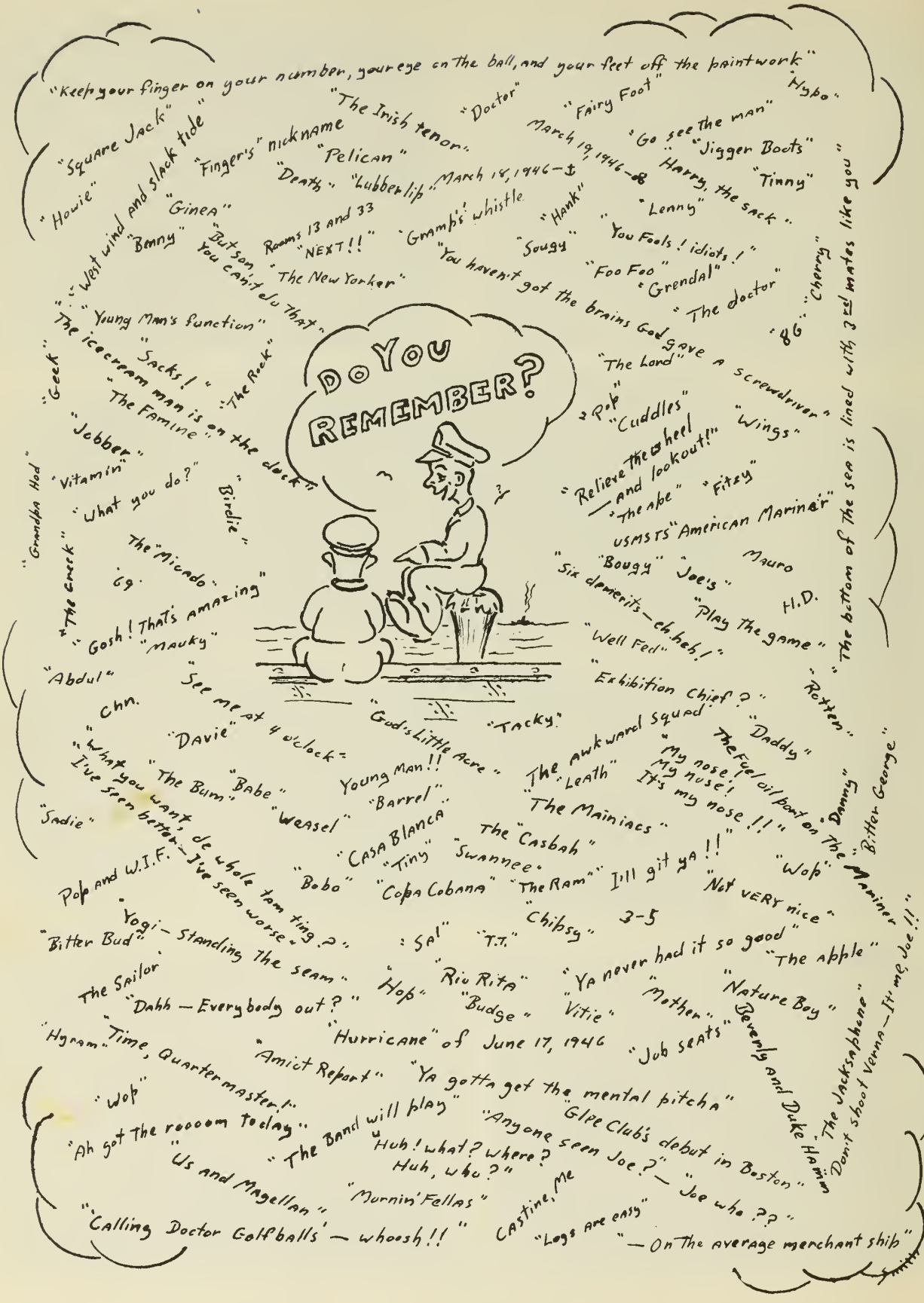
By now the machinery of instruction was a smoothly-functioning organization. We immediately began our classes in "Advice to the Rookie", and with the aid of the CHARLESTON we soon had them whipped into shape.

We salty sailors of the deep spun many yarns for our doting families, while we listened to the tale of the difficult winter we had missed.

Soon indeed we were back in the round of classes, watches, and turn-to, and as the summer came again our boats became a familiar sight in Lewis Bay. Once more we eagerly anticipated the arrival of the new "rookies." And once more the station was bedecked with the tasteful and colorful civilian garb of our new "young men", contrasting strangely with our dark uniforms.

Again the year dwindled to a close as we waited for that great day — the 15th of January, when the CHARLESTON cast off her lines for the first cruise in the Academy's own ship for many years. Our knowledge of the Caribbean area was greatly increased, we participated in the fabulous New Orleans Mardi Gras, and when we returned we knew that our goal was near. We had come through much toil and joy and comradeship to understand a great lesson — the meaning of the word SHIPMATE.




DO YOU REMEMBER?
"Keep your finger on your number, your eye on the ball, and your feet off the paintwork"
"Square Jack"
"Howie"
"West wind and slack tide"
"Ginea"
"Benny"
"Fingers" nickname
"Pelican"
"Death"
"Lubberlip"
"The Irish tenor"
"Doctor"
March 14, 1946 — I
March 19, 1946 — 8
"Fairy Foot"
"Go see the man"
"Jigger Boots"
"Harry, the sack"
"Tinny"
"Hypo"
"Hank"
"Lenny"
"Gramp's whistle"
"Sougy"
"You Fools! idiots!"
"Foo Foo"
"Grendal"
"You haven't got the brains God gave a screwdriver"
"The doctor"
"86"
"Charley"
"The bottom of the sea is lined with 3rd mates like you"
Rooms 13 and 33
"NEXT!!"
"But son, you can't do that"
"The New Yorker"
"Young Man's function"
"Sacks!"
"The Rock"
"The icecream man is on the dock"
"The Famine"
"Jobber"
"Vitamin"
"What you do?"
"Birdie"
"Geek"
"Grandpa Hod"
"The Greek"
"Gosh! That's amazing"
"Mauky"
"Abdul"
"Chn."
"See me at 4 o'clock"
"DAVIE"
"What you want, de whole tam ting?"
I've seen better — I've seen worse"
"Sadie"
"The Bum"
"Babe"
"Weasel"
Pop and W.I.F.
"Bobo"
"Yogi — Standing the seam"
"Bitter Bud"
The Sailor
"Dahh — Everybody out?"
"Hyram"
"Time, Quartermaster!"
"Wop"
"Ah got the roocoom today"
"Us and Magellan"
"Calling Doctor Golfballs' — whoosh!!"
"Amict Report"
"The Band will play"
"Huh! what? where? Huh, who?"
"Mornin' Fellas"
"Hurricane" of June 17, 1946
"Hop"
"Rio Rita"
"Budge"
"Sal"
"T.T."
"Young Man!!"
"Barrel"
"CASA BLANCA"
"Tiny"
"Swannee"
"Copa Cobana"
"The Casbah"
"The RAM"
"Chibsy"
"The Maniacs"
"The Awkward Squad"
"Leath"
"My nose! My nuse! It's my nose!!"
I'll git ya!!
3-5
"Ya never had it so good"
"Mother"
"Job seats"
"Ya gotta get the mental pitcha"
"Glee Club's debut in Boston"
"Anyone seen Joe?" — "Joe who??"
CASTINE, ME
"Logs are easy"
"— On the average merchant ship"
"Nature Boy"
Beverly and Duke Hamm
"The Jacksaphone"
Don't shoot Verna — It's me, Joe!!"
"Wop"
"Not very nice"
"The apple"
"Danny"
"The Mariner"
Bitter George
"Daddy"
"Retten"
"Exhibition Chief?"
"Well Fed"
"Six demerits — eh, heh!"
"Bougy"
"Joe's"
"Play the game"
H.D.
Mauro
USMSTS "American Mariner"
"The ape"
"Fitzy"
"Relieve the wheel — and lookout!"
"Cuddles"
"Wings"
"Pete"
"The Lord"
"The Leak"
"Cheese"
"Tacky"
"God's Little Acre"
"Grendal"

CLASSES

COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

Company Commander ..... JAMES F. MCAVENIA
Sub-Company Commander ..... PAUL FUSINI
Company Adjutant ..... HAROLD W. BASSETT
Chief Petty Officer ..... LINCOLN ROUNSEVILLE

COMPANY OFFICERS

Left to right: Leach, Bassett, Fusini, Keenan, McAvenia, Bravacos, Lawry, Amiot, Peters.

First Platoon:	*Platoon Commander:*	John L. Peters
	Platoon Sub-Commander:	Gordon B. Lawry
	Guide:	Harold L. Young
	Guidon Bearer:	Francis H. Burns
Second Platoon:	*Platoon Commander:*	Alan MacNaughton
	Platoon Sub-Commander:	Archie S. Amiot
	Guide:	Ralph W. Miller
	Guidon Bearer:	Joseph A. Concannon
Third Platoon:	*Platoon Commander:*	Donald B. Leach
	Platoon Sub-Commander:	John G. Bravacos
	Guide:	Fernando Neves
	Guidon Bearer:	Stanford W. Hammond

COLOR GUARD

Left to right: Givens, Fournier, Goodwin, Strom, O'Brien.

Color bearer — *U.S. Ensign* ..... Watson I. Fournier
Color bearer — *State Flag* ..... Einar W. Strom
Color bearer — *Infantry Flag* ..... Warren A. Goodwin
Color Guard ..... John J. O'Brien
Color Guard ..... Harold R. Givens

SECOND CLASS DECK

Front row, left to right: Givens, Full, McHale, Miller, Kipp, Gould, O'Brien, Terpos.

Rear row, left to right: Zielinski, Johnston, Halvorsen, Barnes, Neves, Burns, Kenniff, Morrow.

Missing from picture: Bennett, Blasi, Coburn, Higman, Jarosik, Mandly, McGlynn, McLoughlin.

SECOND CLASS ENGINE

Front row, left to right: McAvoy, Pisciuneri, Curry, Nicholson, Moore, Gerbrands, Watson, Ripley, Hammond.

Rear row, left to right: Oleksey, Prentice, Gorman, Panora, Olson, D.L. Visconti, Mikkonen, Parent.

Missing from picture: Anderson, Concannon, Freeman, Johnson, Wickwire, Young.

THIRD CLASS DECK

First row, left to right: Roulston, Lombard, Chesebrough, Iannicheri, Vessie, Viviano.

Second row, left to right: Scott, Schuerch, Wright, Query, Rogers.

Third row, left to right: Pankopf, Haslam, Reynolds, Henry, Howes.

Fourth row, left to right: Blackington, Greene, Barry, N.F., O'Leary, W.E., Currier.

Fifth row, left to right: Callanan, Lootz, Fettig, Green, R.H.

Absent from picture: Barrett, Barry, J.M., Davis, Dodge, Estes, Farrell, Hartwell, Jarvis, Sheehy, Tarpey.

THIRD CLASS ENGINE

First row, left to right: Maria, Pacuk, Murphy, Carvalho, Perry.

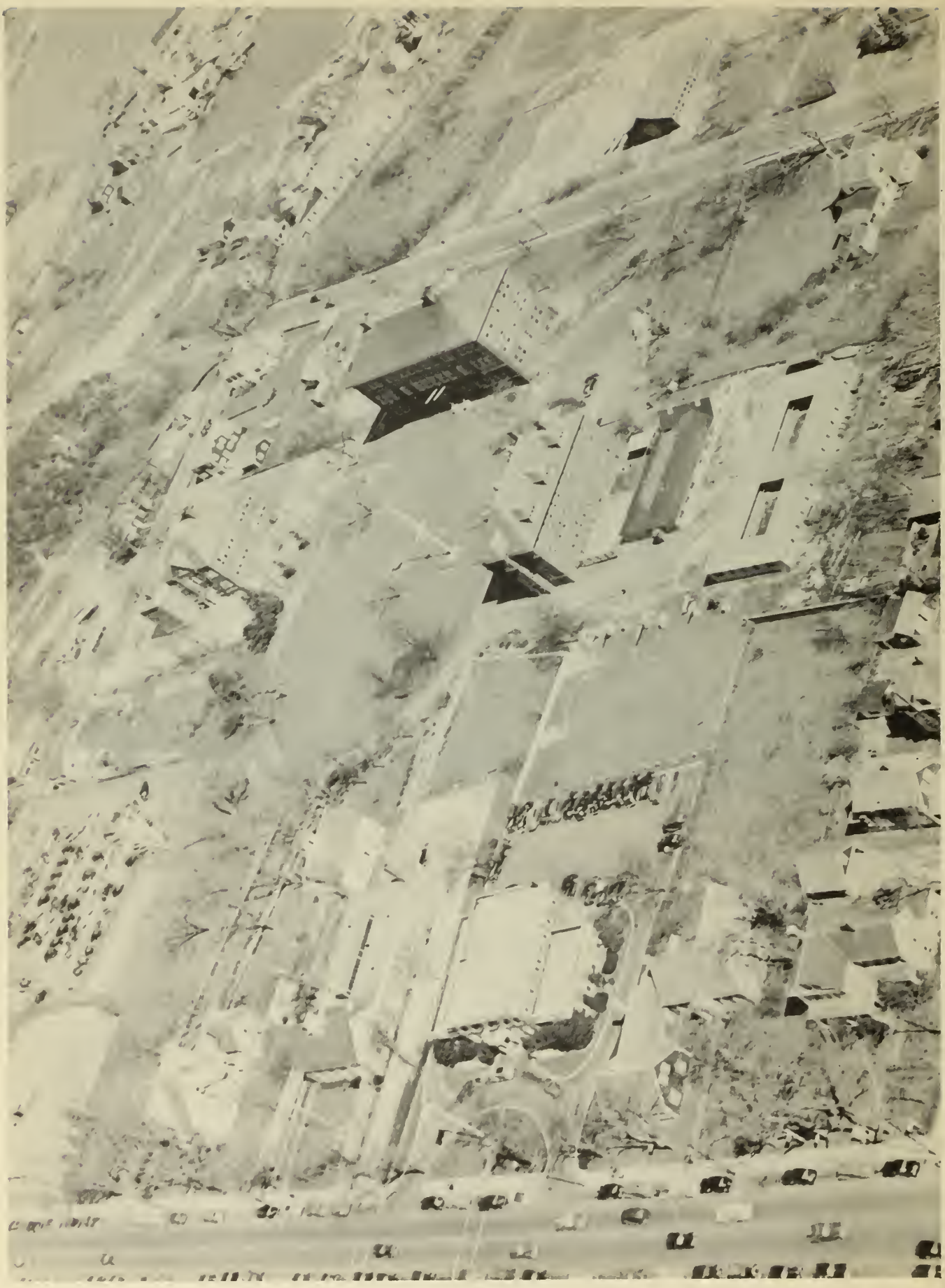
Second row, left to right: Brady, Soares, Gietek, Scarbrough.

Third row, left to right: Cook, Maichle, Menzler, Sterling, Sibley.

Fourth row, left to right: Cooper, Sullivan, R.H., Leonard, Alden.

Fifth row, left to right: Collins, Anacki, Phillips.

Absent from picture: Brennan, Gifford, Healey, Proctor, Schmelzer, Severyn, Shaughnessy, Sullivan, L.T., Swett.



CRUISES

1948 CRUISE

SAINT PETERSBURG

The USTS AMERICAN SAILOR looked mighty big to us all as we boarded her that cold January day at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay. This was the first cruise for all of us — and we were much concerned with learning all we could. We stood watches with the regular crew on the cold, damp voyage down the coast, and by the time we hit warmer weather at the Florida Keys we felt that we were all experienced mariners.

As we sailed into Tampa Bay the sun was warm and we were all trying for our first coat of sunburn. Many of us succeeded too well. When we saw the narrowness of the entrance to the dock at the Maritime Service Training School we wondered how the captain would make the landing. With a tricky little bit of maneuvering that looked easy afterward he gently put the ship alongside the bulkhead astern of the AMERICAN MARINER — which we were to come to know almost too well in the days ahead.

While we lived aboard the SAILOR we spent the better part of the days cleaning and preparing the MARINER for the next leg of the cruise — to San Francisco. Both Maine and Massachusetts Academies turned to with a will, and in a very few days the ship was ready to go.

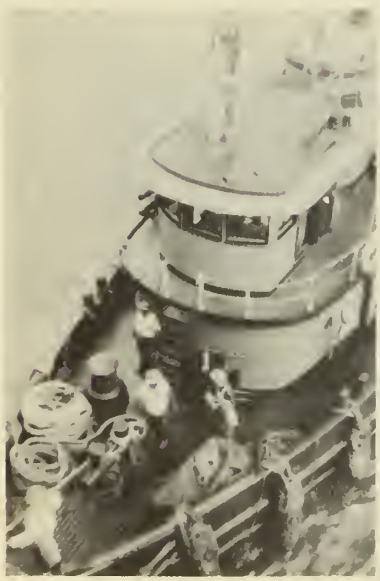
Meanwhile, we enjoyed our liberty. The parties would muster and march to the gate of the base in formation — and then break ranks to set off down the beautiful, palm-lined streets to the heart of the town. We saw the sights, we bought souvenirs, we ate. Many of us visited the Million Dollar Pier or swam at the Spa beach. The town was good to us. Tours were arranged, a dance was held at which not a few of us made delightful contacts which we renewed on our return voyage.

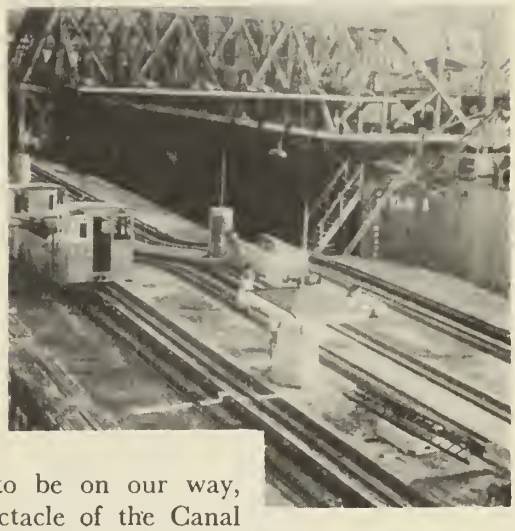
It was with distinct regret that a week later we sailed out of Tampa Bay in the MARINER, remembering the Chatterbox, the Colosseum, the Sunken Gardens, Mirror Lake, and the dance at the Hotel Soreno.

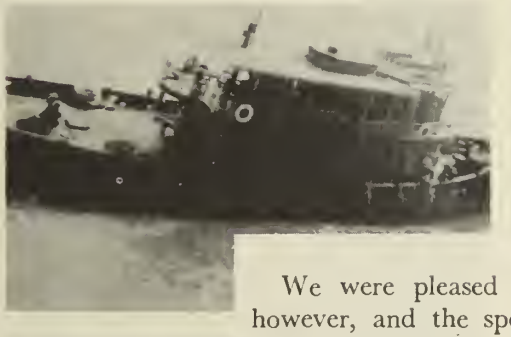
CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE

We set off into the legendary Caribbean weather, complete with flying fish, for Cristobal. As we crossed the Gulf of Mexico, rounded Cape San Antonio, and headed for Serrana Bank, we set to work on the ship — chipping, painting, cleaning, until we began to wonder just how large this so-called training-ship was. We were certainly learning by doing. We upperclassmen stood the cadet O.D. watches, the wheel watches, lifeboat coxswain, and very soon we learned that what we had picked up on the SAILOR was only a very small part of going to sea. A few of us had a chance to coxswain a lifeboat in man-overboard drills, and we gradually became more proficient.

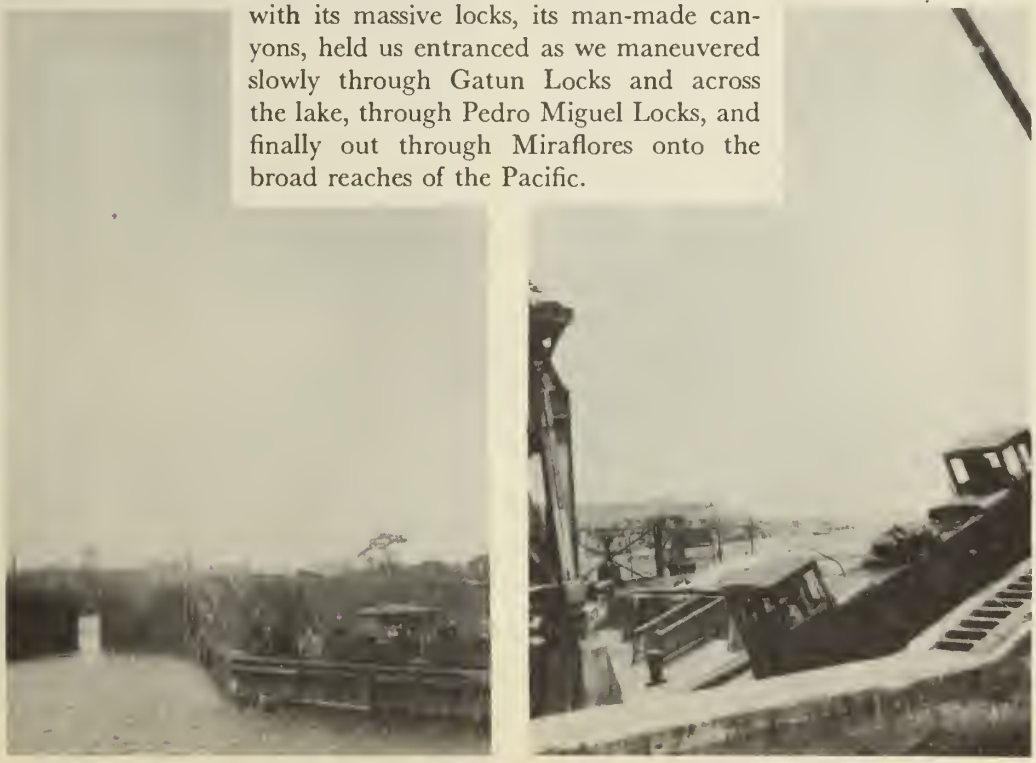
Passing Serrana Bank, we squared away for the Canal, and on 5 February we tied up at the Coco Solo Naval Base. Mornings were spent, as usual, nursing a paintbrush or chipping-hammer, but afternoons found half of us ashore. Some went on sightseeing tours while others boarded those well-used old Navy buses and headed for Cristobal to look the place over. We usually walked down Avenida Bolivar, which has the distinction of being the dividing-line between the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama. We walked across the street to enter another country. The elaborate YMCA lured many of us, but the rest continued on down various streets lined with ancient buildings, while on all side we heard cries of "Hey, Chief!" from bargaining shop-keepers. Many succumbed to the lure of alligator bags of all colors and sizes, or other native wares, which were bought for the folks at home. The hot, starry evenings found the boys enjoying the shows at the Club Florida, the Copacabana, or El Morocco. History had walked these streets; the Spanish conquerors, the English plunderers, the natives rising to put off the yoke of Spain, all had shared in this atmosphere of antiquity and tarnished splendor.







We were pleased to be on our way, however, and the spectacle of the Canal with its massive locks, its man-made canyons, held us entranced as we maneuvered slowly through Gatun Locks and across the lake, through Pedro Miguel Locks, and finally out through Miraflores onto the broad reaches of the Pacific.



ACAPULCO, MEXICO

On up the rugged west coast of Central America we sailed. Much of the time we could see the land — soon dry and rocky and seemingly incapable of bearing anything but cactus and rocks. Past Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador we sailed. We listened to Mr. Roscoe's tales of the winds of Tehuantepec, and many of us resigned ourselves to being seasick all over again. The Hydrographic Office was being good to us, for as we crossed the gulf it decided to have no "blows" for a while.

Our next port of call was Acapulco, perched seductively on the hundredth meridian like a siren of antiquity. This little gem of a harbor is virtually landlocked, with tall peaks surrounding the city. There is a sharp and somewhat unpleasant contrast between the utterly luxurious hotels dotting the hills above the harbor and the native town huddled, dirty and ill-fed, along the waterfront.

As we entered the harbor trim little speedboats frolicked about the ship, while numerous sail-fishing boats passed back and forth. The fat pilot we picked up, although struggling with a language barrier, docked us at the municipal pier very nicely. As we approached we could see a crowd growing larger and larger on the dock. We soon learned that an American cigarette or a tin spoon from the galley was an excellent medium of exchange.

The lucky starboard watch had the first liberty ashore. Many headed for La Marina Hotel to change their money before setting out into the town. Many of us were helped by the numerous American tourists to find our way around. Practically all of us that first night had steak at one or another of the "stately pleasure-domes" on the hills.

A festival was in progress that first night, too, and the Midshipmen were stunned to find themselves the target for eggshells filled with perfumed water. We soon got into the spirit of the thing, however, and participated with a will. We moved on to the Casa Blanca, La Riviera, the Playa Suave, the Rio Rita, and various other shops perched on the steep, narrow roads of the town.

Gradually we discovered other amuse-

ments, too — the Morning and Afternoon Beaches, the pools at the hotels, watching the diving boys, who leap into a rocky chasm at just the moment that the waves fill it; if they miscalculate they are dashed to death on the rocks. A group of us chartered a boat for a day's sail-fishing in the richest sail-fishing-ground in the world. Others of us were taken by friendly tourists up into the hills or north along the water to the airport. We attended a dance on the deck of the "Pirate Ship."

We were sorry to leave Acapulco, with its ancient Spanish fort frowning over the harbor, its glittering hotels and miserable natives, its beautiful beaches.

LONG BEACH

In the black of night we moved past Long Beach breakwater and dropped the hook at 2115 on 25 February among several ships already at anchor.

The first light of dawn showed us the city. Tall buildings of a modern city were nestled among thousands of oil-wells. We weighed anchor and moved in to Pier A, to be greeted by a Navy band. A strange city indeed! Oil wells everywhere! Buda- or Caterpillar-powered pumps leisurely waving their rocker-arms to and fro! And amidst this richness Long Beach sat. A great number of the wells are owned by the city, and the proceeds, which are fabulous, can be used only for harbor development or recreational facilities for the citizens.

As a reward for our work on the MARINER we were granted a forty-eight-hour liberty. Many of us journeyed up to Los Angeles and Hollywood, to see the glittering places of which we had read: the Brown Derby, Grauman's Chinese Theatre, the studios, the Palladium, Earl Carroll's. Who knew — perhaps we might even see a movie-star.

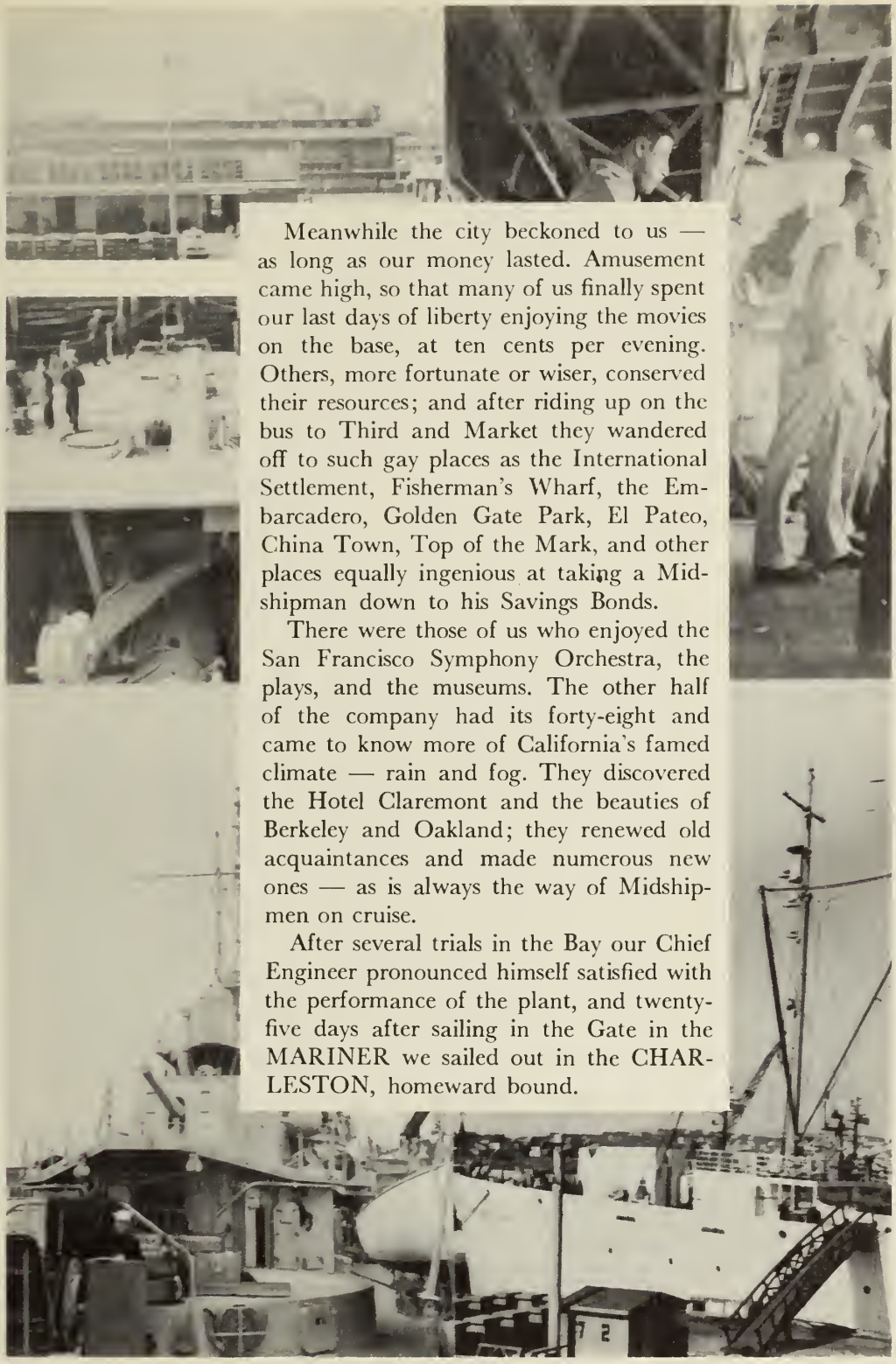
The Propellor Club and the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce arranged several tours for us, around Los Angeles and down into the orange country and the old missions, so that we all had a chance to see some of the famed attractions of California.

But we were all eager to get to San Francisco and see our new training ship, the CHARLESTON, so that we left Long Beach with no great regret.

SAN FRANCISCO

It was at 0515 on March 4 that the AMERICAN MARINER slipped quietly through the mists of early morning under the Golden Gate Bridge and into San Francisco Bay. We were soon moored port side to pier 60, San Francisco Naval Shipyard, with the CHARLESTON across the pier.

She looked a sorry sight to us, with scaffolding around her stack, with welding lines, hoses, air lines, and workmen festooned over her. It seemed an impossible task to complete her repairs and reconditioning in time to leave on schedule. But the chaos, we found, was an ordered chaos, for each day found our ship more nearly ready for departure. She responded, too, to our dogged efforts to clean her up after we moved aboard.



Meanwhile the city beckoned to us — as long as our money lasted. Amusement came high, so that many of us finally spent our last days of liberty enjoying the movies on the base, at ten cents per evening. Others, more fortunate or wiser, conserved their resources; and after riding up on the bus to Third and Market they wandered off to such gay places as the International Settlement, Fisherman's Wharf, the Embarcadero, Golden Gate Park, El Pateo, China Town, Top of the Mark, and other places equally ingenious at taking a Midshipman down to his Savings Bonds.

There were those of us who enjoyed the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the plays, and the museums. The other half of the company had its forty-eight and came to know more of California's famed climate — rain and fog. They discovered the Hotel Claremont and the beauties of Berkeley and Oakland; they renewed old acquaintances and made numerous new ones — as is always the way of Midshipmen on cruise.

After several trials in the Bay our Chief Engineer pronounced himself satisfied with the performance of the plant, and twenty-five days after sailing in the Gate in the MARINER we sailed out in the CHARLESTON, homeward bound.

CHARLESTON

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE

A trip of twelve days, including a brief overnight stop at San Pedro for fuel, brought us once again to Panama. We had seen little of the Central American coast this time, for we had travelled far out. Hence the landfall off Balboa was welcome to all of us. We sailed in through the enchanted islands under a smiling sky and anchored just below the Harbor Entrance Control station where Mr. Combs and Mr. Hodsdon had served during the war. At 2115 our pilot came aboard and we got underway again for Pier One at the Submarine Base.

They soon returned, to relieve the others at work so that everyone might have a few hours in port. The Cocoanut Grove and other entertainment spots welcomed the cadets. A convoy system was devised, whereby the boys travelled in groups to buy their souvenirs and bought in quantity to get a lower price.

The next morning we were again underway for our trip through the Canal. Again the cameras appeared in droves as we slowly traversed the Big Ditch. By 1500 we had left the Colon breakwater behind and set out across the choppy, blue waters of the Caribbean for St. Petersburg.

The next morning found us over the side in the tropical sun chipping and painting, repairing the ravages of the salt water on our waterline. A few went on morning liberty until 1330, venturing to Panama City by bus to pit our lately-won skill in trading for souvenirs against the native shopkeepers, and to seek out interesting sights about town.

ST. PETERSBURG

Once again, on 17 April, we sailed into Tampa Bay, picked up our pilot from the *Storm King*, and moved up the Bay to the Maritime Service Training Station. Yes, we were back — and to us it was a sign that we were almost home. The CHARLESTON tied up outboard of the MARINER, and we again saw our opposite numbers from Maine, who greeted us with such cries as "Where have you been?"

In short order a liberty party was formed, and we descended locust-like upon the town we knew so well by now. Our arrangements had been made by letter long before; our earlier acquaintances were expecting us — and treated us most royally. This was our last fling in warm weather, and we made the most of it.

The next day, the Maine Midshipmen who were to make the trip to Castine with us began moving aboard. The old CHARLESTON was really loaded as some two hundred fifty Midshipmen began to occupy quarters usually allotted to two hundred. But we had been shipmates before, and the crowding was easily borne. All that day gear from the MARINER was moved aboard, while a few of us were enjoying the beaches or the town.

The loading continued on Monday, until it seemed that the ship could not hold another thing — and still we stowed gear away. The decks, the gun platforms, the compartments were swarming with Midshipmen. Finally everything was aboard. We cast off bow and stern lines, went ahead on a spring line, and back off and around so that we were headed down the bay. Exchanging farewell whistle signals with the MARINER and the SAILOR, we set out on the last leg of our voyage.

CASTINE

For six days we travelled up the Florida Keys, past Asia Rip, past Cashe Ledge, and into Penobscot Bay. By the time we reached Castine we knew that we were up north again, and we tried to keep warm by helping the Maine boys disembark. Consequently they were off the ship a lot faster than they came aboard.

Relatives and friends of our Maine counterparts gazed covetously at our hard-won tans; but our bronzed bodies failed to keep us warm, and many yearned for warmer climes: Massachusetts.

Castine is a lovely town, thoroughly New England in atmosphere, which is almost as much a summer resort as is Hyannis. The gracious elms and white houses told us that soon we too would be home.

Some of us went ashore briefly to call our folks and tell them we would be home very soon, and to mail last letters. The next morning, 26 April, we left for Buzzards Bay.

We arrived off Sandwich that afternoon, but in order to hit the current right we anchored out overnight. It was a tantalizing sensation, to be so nearly home — and yet not to be. However, soon the time arrived, and we headed into the Canal under the expert guidance of the pilot.

As we went through, cars driving along the Canal blew their horns to us, and some of us recognized our parents' cars. The railroad bridge came into view, and beyond it the State Pier, crowded with cars and people.

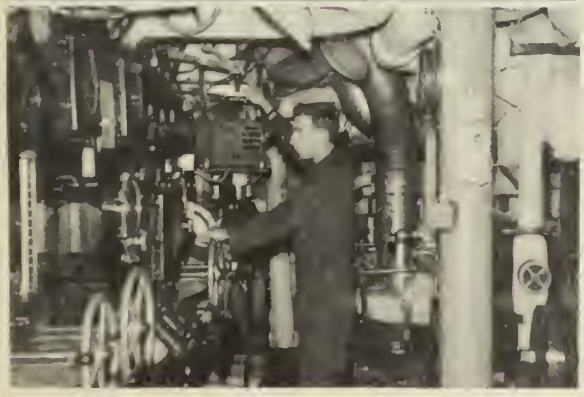
,We drew closer. We began to be able to distinguish faces. A mighty blast of automobile horns arose as we drew nearer. The first heaving-line went ashore, and very quickly the ship was secured, the gangway was over the side, and ship and shore merged in glad reunions. The cruise was over — we had seen much, learned much, travelled in three different ships; we were shipmates and sailors.

"HARRISON PHOTO"

1949 Cruise

FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE

Our day of departure, January 15, was crisp and clear. The CHARLESTON cast off her lines, and amid a din of automobile horns, departed on our annual cruise. Our parents and friends left behind on the pier wished that they could all be with us in our winter cruise in southern waters.



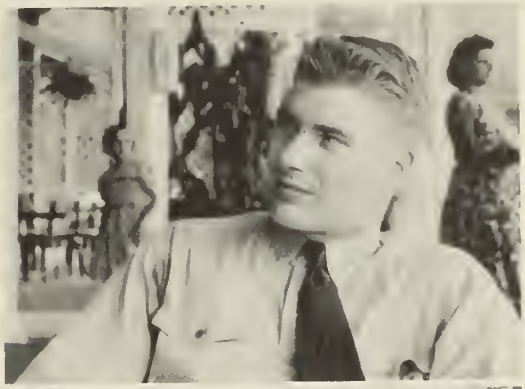
After a brief stop at Norfolk, Virginia, on ship's business, we set out on the rough trip to the tiny island of Culebra, off the eastern end of Puerto Rico. Our main task here was to begin the big job of prettying up the ship. The settlement of Dewey, consisting of two bars and three stores, saw us ashore on liberty to look around and to ride those cantankerous little ponies up the hills and over to Flamingo Lagoon. There were several casualties—people with more enthusiasm than equestrian experience.

Six days later we left for our first regular port-of-call, Fort de France. We sailed into the harbor under the frowning, ancient guns of Fort St. Louis, and docked on the inboard side of the fort. The mornings found us chipping and painting, while we kept a weather eye out for the mail-plane.

During the afternoons the liberty sections went ashore to enjoy swimming and lounging at the Lido Club or to walk about the market district, shopping with our thousands of francs. Since we received six hundred francs for each dollar we all felt like millionaires with huge rolls of the "folding green." Perfume, berets, and cameras were the most popular items bought during the day. At night the midshipmen spent their francs and centimes at the Lido Club, the Manoir, or the Air France Hotel.

On February 1 and 2 some of the midshipmen had a chance to ride out to the devastated village of St. Pierre, which was completely destroyed by an eruption of Mount Pélé in 1902 and is even now only partially restored. The wild ride over narrow mountain roads aged a number of us visibly.

On Friday, February 4, we steamed out of the harbor and watched the island of Martinique sink below the horizon on our port quarter.



PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

At 0900 on Sunday, February 6, we picked up the pilot, sailed through the Boca del Dràgon and out into the broad Gulf of Paria to Port of Spain. After anchoring briefly we moved in and tied up at a small pier next to the U. S. Army base.

The starboard watch went on liberty that afternoon, exploring the city itself or traveling by taxi or the little old Toonerville trolley to various outlying districts to see the famous Botanical Gardens near the Governor's Mansion, the exclusive Queen's Park Hotel, the Trinidad Country Club with its beautiful pool, or the Perseverance Country Club. We found the people most friendly, and it was a pleasant change to be able to speak English again. Our fun was dimmed somewhat by our continuing inability to find much of our long-overdue mail.

After several days of the usual scraping, chipping, and painting we sailed a few miles down the bay to the U. S. Naval Operating Base at Chagaramus to refuel. Here we stocked up on ice cream sundaes and other less-important items.

Two groups of us were able to take the grueling journey to La Brea on the south side of the gulf, where the famous pitch lake is located. On this lake the wealth of the island is founded, for it is one of the few natural sources of asphalt in the world. As fast as the laborers would dig the pitch out of the lake it would bubble up again to fill the hole. It is truly a wonder of the world, which we were glad to see.

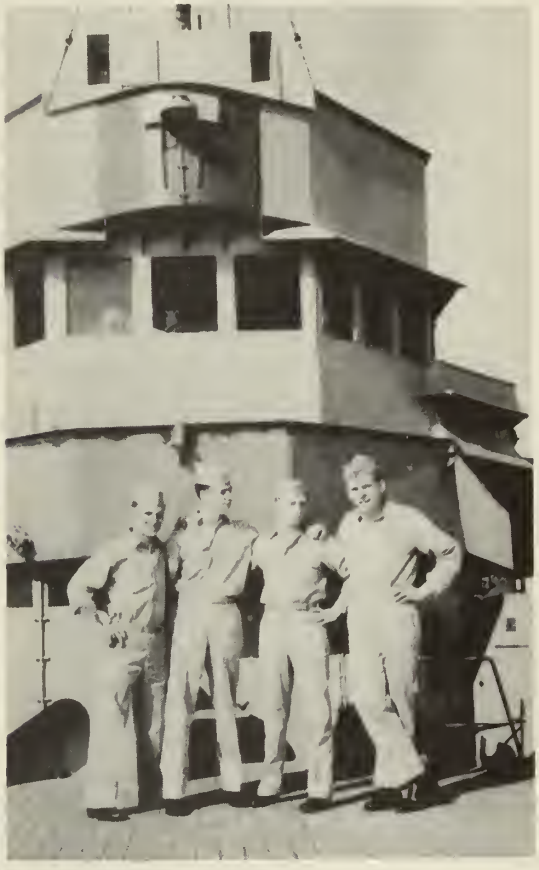
WILLEMSTAD, CURACAO

A long swell set in on our port quarter one day out of Trinidad, making the CHARLESTON roll heavily, and "separating the men from the boys." The mess deck was a shambles during meals, so that it was with considerable relief that we reached the lee side of Curacao and steamed into Willemstad.

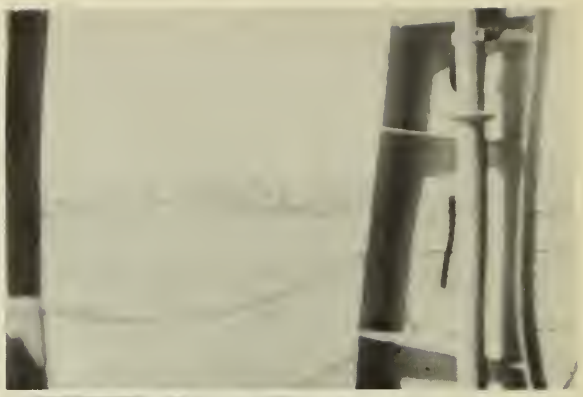
Again passing the ancient forts guarding the entrance, we went through the pontoon bridge and tied up starboard side to, just inside. The city, although tropical, is characteristically Dutch in architecture, and also in sanitation. We swarmed ashore to spend our guilders in the shops or to loaf at the exclusive Piscadero Beach Club, to which we had been cordially invited.

Some of us invested in perfume, although prices were higher here; others went to the Seaman's Home, the Americana Hotel, or the Hotel Curacao.

We were surprised to find the port such a busy one, with shipping constantly on the move. Most of it was tankers, of which the "Mosquito Fleet" was a large portion. These shoal-draft vessels are used to bring oil to Curacao from Lake Mara-Caibo in Venezuela. The pontoon bridge never had more than a few minutes' rest before it had to open again for another ship.



Some of us visited the enormous Shell oil refinery to see the process of refining at first hand; others visited the numerous merchant vessels moored nearby. All in all, we enjoyed our stay in this bit of Holland in the New World—and the water we took on served to remind us of Curacao for some time to come.



NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

New Orleans was the port we had all been waiting for. After a rough trip up from Curacao it was good to cruise smoothly up the Mississippi River to the city, where we moored at the Poydras Street wharf, close to the center of town. The Mardi Gras season was in full swing that Saturday, February 26, and we did our share to add to the gaiety of the occasion during our week there.

On Sunday we participated in the Mid-City Parade, one of four scheduled for that day. Despite tired feet we were out in strength that night, roaming through the Vieux Carré, mixing with the slightly mad crowds. Stormy and his mother were popular with us. The famous restaurants —Antoine's, La Louisiane, Court of Two Sisters, and Dan's Place—catered delicately to our hunger before we trooped down Bourbon Street for the evening's entertainment.

Many of us came to know and enjoy the Roosevelt Hotel, Pat O'Brien's, the St. Charles Hotel, and the Old Absinthe House. Rex, King of Misrule, must have smiled to himself as we joined in his carnival of revelry and merry-making. We were loyal subjects of His Majesty that week.

On Thursday, after the city had struggled back to its usual routine, wearing a throbbing hangover instead of a crown, we took leave of New Orleans, Queen of the Mississippi, and after a quick trip down the current we sailed forth onto the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Vera Cruz.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

It was as beautiful a trip down to this fair city on the Yucatan Peninsula as one could hope for. We decided that the cruise-posters were right for once. And, despite warnings to the contrary, we were received in Vera Cruz in most friendly style. This sea-port is a booming shipping-center, with good harbor facilities and rail transportation.

We arrived on Monday, March 7, passed the outer reef and the concrete breakwaters, and docked at pier 4. The first liberty party was attacked by swarms of sweet-peddlers, who did a roaring business at our expense.

Brushing these troubles aside, we headed for the Villa del Mar or the Mocambo Beach, riding the trolleys for ten centavos a mere 1.4 cents. The crowded market district intrigued many, who bargained with the natives for trinkets. These natives could be easily persuaded to sell their wares at less than half of what they asked —and twice what they were worth.

We were hosts to the Mexican Maritime Academy in an inspection of the CHARLESTON. In return we were invited to a reception at the Academy, which turned out to be just about the best party we attended during the cruise. Every courtesy was shown us, and we were given a chance to learn much of our southern neighbors.

The meals at the sidewalk cafés became part of our fondest memories, too. Many a Midshipman enjoyed delicious Mexican steak, while the friendly hospitality of local citizens and tourists who insisted on treating did much to strengthen the already warm regard we all had for Mexico.

Then at night, while some still wandered about the markets, others sat in the park to watch the pretty senoritas promenade, and to talk to those who lingered close by. Yes, Vera Cruz was a delightful port—one that rates high in our memories.

GALVESTON, TEXAS

The weather on the trip to Galveston was wonderful until the last night out, when we hit a squall with 80-mile winds. However, we arrived safely and on time March 14. The Chamber of Commerce and others met us at the dock, with plans ready-made for a royal reception.

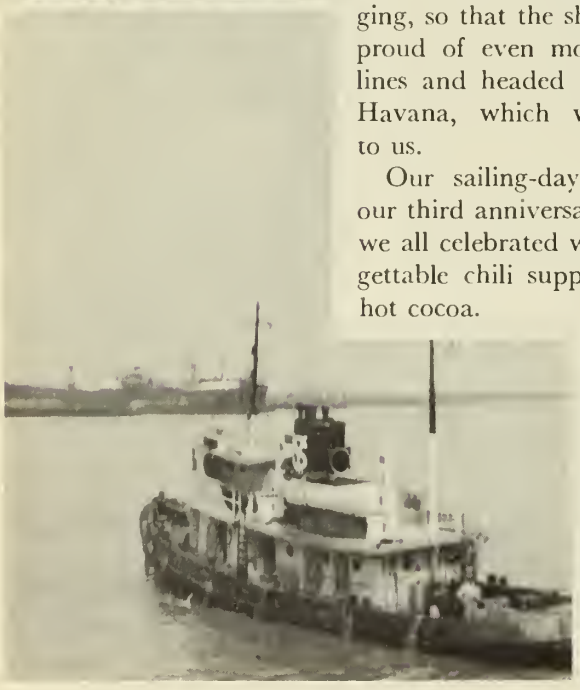
Pay-checks were slow in arriving, but we all saw the town anyway. Then when the checks did come we all really concentrated on making friends and spending money. The Turf Club and Lloyd's of Galveston, to mention two, aided and abetted us to the full extent of their not inconsiderable ability.

Next morning we all ate breakfast to the tune of "Read while you eat! This is your last chance to get a paper! I ain't coming back." We hoped he wouldn't, but "Nature Boy" did come back every time, and with the same spiel.

Our second day in port proved memorable for many of us. At the dance held for us that night we discovered that the Texans' boasts about the beauty of their women are true. They are also hospitable. As proof of our enjoyment of the evening, many of us raced the expiration of liberty down the dock to the ship.

As usual, all was not play. During the day we painted the superstructure and rigging, so that the ship was something to be proud of even more, as we cast off our lines and headed for Kingston instead of Havana, which was temporarily closed to us.

Our sailing-day, March 18, was also our third anniversary at the Academy, and we all celebrated with one of Moe's unforgettable chili suppers, washed down with hot cocoa.



KINGSTON, JAMAICA

As we headed south, past Cape San Antonio (an old friend from last year), Grand Cayman, and along the coast of Jamaica, the weather grew warmer. The engineers, who had been thoroughly washed down by a sea through the midships hatch, were thankful to be standing safely beside their buddies on deck as we steamed into Kingston on March 24.

Here we found a very quiet port once again. Being neither mad dogs nor Englishmen, most of us spent the midday hours in the pool at the Hotel Myrtlebank. Since there were a few fleet units in at the same time we were able to exchange movies and thus brighten our evenings.

Again a dance was held for us. The Hotel Myrtlebank was the scene of another most enjoyable evening for those attending. We marched to the dance and back, much to the wonderment of the natives, who waved and hooted as we went by.

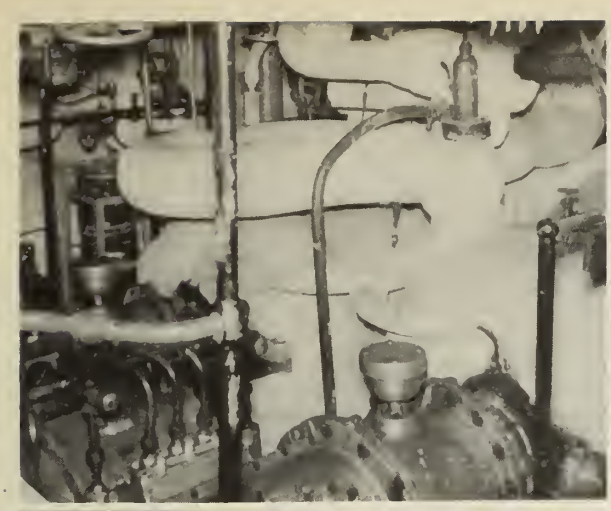
Many of these natives arrogantly refused to leave you alone, even for a minute, in hopes of extracting a few pence. And, although they should have known better—a Midshipman's overhead being what it is today—some of them even got away with a few cigarettes, much to the chagrin of the victims who had to take the jeers of their classmates.

So it was that we bade Kingston a hearty farewell on Sunday, March 27. After having seen those luxury cruise-ships during our cruise we found it difficult to resign ourselves to the confines of our compartments. We sighed a little as we lashed down the table in A-204-L for sea.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

After refueling in Guantanamo Bay we landed in the hot, dusty city of Port au Prince on March 29. We tied up at the one long wharf in the city and settled down to four days of hull-painting and general maintenance as we looked forward to the end of the cruise. Yes, the CHARLESTON was finally beginning to look like something topside.

Liberty parties went ashore to bargain for beautiful pieces of mahogany or to go to the Thorland Club for a swim. The country was lushly tropical, and many of us were lucky enough to see something of it.



Here, once more, the natives insisted on guiding us about, becoming general nuisances rapidly. However, some did give us helpful advice, directing us to the New Orleans and other places which soon became centers of operations.

The little switching engines tooted and droned past the ship often, as they helped unload other ships astern of us, proving that Port au Prince has its share of port facilities.

On Saturday, April 2, we stowed our mahogany and other trinkets and proceeded to sea, after retrieving the doctor whom we had left on the pier in our haste to get underway. We sailed northerly up Saint Marc's Channel and out the Crooked Island Passage into the Atlantic.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Entering the northeast side of the group, we sailed inside the reefs past the British Naval base to a point two miles below Hamilton, where we dropped anchor. Running boats were loaded and sent into town for the mail as we turned-to-once again for the final appearance of the ship in Boston.

Liberty parties were dropped off at Belmont Landing, two miles from town, to fend for themselves in the beautiful countryside. The numerous showers added to our discomfort, but they failed to dampen our spirits as we joined gay holiday crowds of college men and women in Hamilton or at the Elbow Beach Club in Paget.

Taxi-tours were arranged for us. We stopped at the famous caves on the north side, at the aquarium, the museum, and the zoo. As usual, the monkeys stole the show. Perhaps they enjoyed watching us as much as we enjoyed watching them. The weather, which was more pulvar than solar, was the only blight in this paradise.

Of course, there were the usual grimaces on our part as 2100 found us headed back to the ship, just as the night-life was beginning to show itself. But then, we will all remember the rugby games we witnessed, the beautiful scenery, and the left-handed automobiles; besides it was healthier that way.

We spent the last two days of our stay at the Naval Operations Base, where we made quite a run on the ship's service for cigarettes and ice cream. Movies were shown every night, too, and as the time approached for us to head home to Boston we found that we were almost regretting the end of the cruise, during which we had learned so much and enjoyed so much.

ACADEMY LIFE

LIBERTY TOWN

Hyannis is the metropolis of Cape Cod, but primarily it is the home of M.M.A. For three long years we have lived and played and worked in this beautiful summer resort.

We know and love the summers here — the swimming parties at Camp Howes, the knockabout races in the Bay, the subchaser cruises to Nantucket, the white sands of Craigville adorned with girls of all shapes, sizes, and shades of sunburn and susceptibility.

From Memorial Day to Labor Day Main Street is jammed with "summer people"; the little white expensive shops in the west end are open; the season is on.

Opportunities are limited only by our liberty. Hence, we have left our mark as harbingers of good cheer from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown.

We also know — and loathe — the winters here — the quartermaster rounds with that leather-bound watch-clock hanging around our necks, for all the world like the Albatross tied to the Ancient Mariner; the 0600 formations in the pitch dark, with the "moon" shining down upon us from the Casbah; shoveling the circle clear only so that we can march around it and get even colder as we wait for the mess-line to pass under the benevolent eyes of the cooks. Yes, only a Midshipman with a "sure thing" lined up will leave the comfort and security of his bunk on a weekend to brave the blast.

We have made our impression on Barnstable County. Many lasting friendships have grown from our stay here. The town has been good to us in many ways and will figure large in our memories as we look back on Academy days and say, "Remember that weekend when . . . . . "

DANCES

A Midshipman's life is a full one. Nevertheless, we have found time for numerous dances — the annual affairs after the Maine games, the Athletic Fund dance, the Yearbook dance.

Some we have held in our own auditorium, artfully disguised by lavish use of crepe paper and cartoons from the indefatigable hand of Smitty. Our Johnny Fitz has catered skilfully to our appetites, giving freely of his time and experience for our pleasure. Some we have held out in town, at the USO, or Legion Hall.

Regardless of site, however, we have enjoyed ourselves hugely. We have flooded the town with personable young ladies for these weekends, so that, with the poet, we might almost say, "Acres and acres....."

THE 1949 MUSTER

Left to right: Warner, Jackson, O'Connor, Bravacos, Smith, Goodwin, W.A., Cass, O'Leary, Peters.

Absent from picture: Gow, Amiot, Conway, Chase.

The MUSTER? Oh yes, we did put out a Yearbook, didn't we? Between watches, classes, turn-tos, and the myriad details of a Midshipman's day, we produced this volume.

We began well last spring, retained Sargent Studio as photographers, and thought we had a printer. But just before Christmas vacation the printer had to decline the contract for reasons of health — and consternation reigned supreme.

By frenzied efforts we reached an agreement with Spaulding-Moss Company, to whom we all are grateful for this fine book. We are grateful, too, to Commander Thompson and Captain Copeland for their help in giving us extra time to work on the book.

Credit in particular belongs to Bravacos and Cass, who devoted an entire week's leave in August to corralling advertisers. Despite considerable reluctance on the part of advertisers generally, we were able to produce the book and keep subscription cost low.

Plaudits also go to O'Leary and Peters in particular — and the other members of the literary staff as well — for their reams of copy.

The photographic staff deserves credit for its work in producing these pictures.

Our Art Editor, we feel, has been the greatest single influence in making the book a worthy record. He designed the cover, and the fly-leaf, and he produced the cartoons of the graduates. Without him this would have been just another Yearbook.

And last we thank Mr. Clark for his encouragement, suggestions, and work as Adviser.

We hope you like the MUSTER.

1949 MUSTER STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Thomas M. Cass

Managing Editor ..... John L. Peters

Literary Editor ..... Joseph F. O'Connor

Assistant Literary Editor ..... Daniel J. O'Leary

Art Editor ..... James A. Smith

Photographic Editor ..... Franklin P. Jackson

Assistant Photographic Editor ..... Warren A. Goodwin

Business Manager ..... John G. Bravacos

Sports Editors ..... Donald F. Warner, Richard C. Gow

Literary Staff ..... A. Scott Amiot, James J. Conway, Donald H. Chase

ACADEMY BAND

Front row, left to right: Terpos, Hall, O'Leary, DeFelice, Morrow, Howes, Currier, Gould, Givens.

Rear row, left to right: Thompson, Chase, Lawry, Keenan, Goodwin, W.A., Downs, Gorman, Telford, Sterling.

Absent from picture: Simpson, Hellberg, Crowell, Johnson, B.H., Kearsley, Johnson, G.E., Gifford, Hartwell, Query, Rogers, Bandmaster Zimmerman.

Bandmaster .....SEYMOUR I. ZIMMERMAN

Band Sub-Commander .....RICHARD F. A. KEENAN

Band Petty Officer .....EDWARD A. DEFELICE

The Band has performed its functions admirably on all occasions. Contributing greatly to the dignity of Morning Colors, providing the martial tempo for the numerous parades and ceremonies in observance of national holidays in which we have participated, playing our teams to victory on the football field and diamond, it deserves a hearty commendation from all of us.

Under the baton of Midshipman Zimmerman the Band has maintained the high standard of performance that it reached soon after its organization in 1945.

We who are departing hope that our successors will carry on the program, for the Band holds for all of us a significant share of our memories of the Academy.

SAILING

Summer months on Cape Cod are something to remember. We have rowed and sailed over every inch of Lewis Bay (including some portions that are not covered with water.)

The Midshipmen were all made honorary members of Hyannis Yacht Club. Many are the races in which our six knockabouts have upheld the honor of the school and of the Club. We will never forget the regattas every August, the thrills and spills in which we have participated in our efforts to come home winners.

However, there were other times, too, when we proved our worth on the knockabouts, as we prowled the Bay's edge or raced each other to Dunbar's Point.

We learned a lot from these little craft — and we will remember them with affection.

SPORTS

BASEBALL

The start of the 1947 baseball season saw an inexperienced squad of Midshipmen under their new coach, Lee Harrington, entering undaunted into the keen competition of the Cape Cod League. With only one class at the Academy from which to draw material and without one veteran player, Coach Harrington settled down to the business of organizing a team which could successfully represent the Academy in the league.

The long, hard practice sessions and excellent spirit of the boys failed to pay off in wins, and the team found itself at the bottom of the league when the first half of the season was over.

Now a seasoned team, fired with the enthusiasm of their coach, the Mariners launched a concerted offensive to show their true potential as a club during the second half. The fine fielding of Bobby McGrath and Don Macbeth, coupled with the slugging of Captain Linc Rounseville and Ed Dorsey, rapidly made it apparent to the Cape competition that here now was a team to be reckoned with. Hitting his stride, "Iron Man" Hayden Pratt, converted from the outfield to the mound, was perhaps most responsible for the marked improvement in the team's showing.

Constantly improving, the team won often, approaching the close of the season

in third place. The remaining games were scheduled with Harwich and Orleans, who were tied for first place. Against Harwich Hayden Pratt fired his high, hard one so relentlessly that the Mariners eliminated them from the championship.

Two days later, Pratt again strode to the mound in an attempt to stop Orleans in its drive for the crown. In the hardest-fought game of the season the team was edged 3-2 by Orleans, who continued on to the Cape inter-league championship.

Now regarded as real contenders in Cape baseball, the team's prospects for 1948 were unlimited. It was a great disappointment to the Midshipmen and their coach that, because of uncertainty as to the school's removal to Buzzards Bay, the team could not contract to enter the regular schedule.

When the Midshipmen did finally return to Hyannis an informal schedule was arranged with the best teams of both divisions of the league. A highly successful season showed victories over such strong aggregations as Barnstable, Harwich, Cotuit, and Yarmouth.

This team consisted of the following regulars: in the infield were Linc Rounseville, Len Goodwin, Bob McGrath, and Don Macbeth; in the outfield were Ed Dorsey, Ira Simpson, and Fred "Pop" Warner; the battery of Joe "Doc" O'Connor and Hayden Pratt and the manager, Ed DeFelice, completed the roster.

Without doubt the Academy now boasts a place of prominence in league baseball, evidence of the fighting teamwork of the Midshipmen and the leadership of Coach Harrington.

FOOTBALL

Lee Harrington started the 1947 season, his first as football coach, with but twenty untried candidates for the team. Drawing members from only one class, and without a veteran in the squad, the team spent the season building for the future. An informal schedule resulted in five defeats; but it ended happily in a thrilling battle with Maine Maritime Academy, in which the greatly improved team wrung out a 22-12 victory in bitter cold weather at Bangor.

The 1948 squad, somewhat larger and more experienced, gave promise of an improved record — and lived up to expectations. On September 26 the Academy started the season against heavily-favored New Bedford Textile Institute at New Bedford.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy 2; New Bedford Textile 0.

Before an opening-day crowd of four thousand the Mariners' eleven edged out a bitterly fighting Textile team. Taking the opening kick-off, the Millmen marched from their own 31 to the Maritime 12 — and everyone thought the rout had begun. But the Cadets held there and took the ball away on downs.

Twice in the second period the Mariners halted scoring threats from Textile. It was in this quarter that the Cadets made their only threat by marching to the Textile 9 before being stopped.

With only five minutes of the last quarter remaining, a determined Academy line smothered Textile quarterback behind his own goal line for a safety which meant victory.

Harold Young, a Plymouth boy, gave a fine display of ball-carrying, while "Beak" Panora, left tackle and end respectively, solved Textile's strong sideplays early in the game. To him go the defensive laurels.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy 6; Tabor Academy 6.

After a 13-0 defeat at the hands of a big Rhode Island State Freshman football team the week before, the Academy team travelled on October 9 to Tabor Academy, seeking a return to their winning ways.

A scoreless first period found the two teams evenly matched, until the Mariners tallied on an alert play by fullback Ed Dorsey. When Stan Skypeck of Tabor faded back to pass on his own 30, the ball was partially blocked by Paul Fusini. It fell into the hands of Dorsey, who gathered it in on the run and bolted the remaining distance to the goal. Macbeth's kick went wide.

Tabor came back in the second half with a 72-yard march to score. Well-executed pass plays and runs brought the ball to the Maritime 5-yard marker. Connelly hit through center to the 3 and Fletcher, on a reverse, circled his left side to score. Fletcher's try for the conversion was too low.

In the final period Tabor again drove close to victory, but a pass tried at this point was intercepted by the Mariners' Joe Viviano, who returned the ball 60 yards.

With only six seconds remaining, Co-Captain Ed Dorsey attempted a pass which was incomplete. Thus the game ended.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy 13; Dean Academy 0.

Fresh from an 18-6 victory over Leicester Junior College on October 23, the following weekend the Academy eleven travelled to Franklin, Massachusetts, to meet Dean Academy.

Flashing a brilliant attack, the Mariners rolled over a lighter but scrappy eleven 13-0 for their second straight win. An improved aerial game paved the way for both touchdowns. The first quarter saw the Middies outplay Dean, driving deep into enemy territory. Two scoring opportunities were wasted, once through an interception and once through a fumble on the Dean 3-yard line.

Early in the second period the Midshipmen pushed Dean back to its 8-yard line and took over on downs. After three tries at the line Roy Shaughnessy faded back and cut lose with a bullet pass to Hal Young, who stepped over the line unmolested. The extra-point pass attempt was incomplete.

Ed Dorsey climaxed a 40-yard sustained march in the third period by flipping a perfect toss to Hal Young, who raced ten yards for his second touchdown. Don Macbeth passed the extra point to Bill LeLievre on a platter.

Both teams during the last quarter matched defense and offense, so that the game ended with no further score. We must mention the fine running game of Young and LeLievre and the sterling line play of Chase and Burns here, for they contributed hugely to the victory.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy 8; Maine Maritime Academy 9.

Taking a 47-0 licking by an overwhelmingly superior Bergen College, New Jersey, team, the Midshipmen faced their traditional rivals, Maine Maritime Academy, on November 13, a wet, blustery day. With the Hyannis gridiron too muddy for play, the game was transferred to the Falmouth field.

It was a "rock 'em and sock 'em, do-or-die" game, with each player driving himself to the point of exhaustion. Both teams scored touchdowns; both managed to eke out automatic safeties; but Maine's perfectly-kicked conversion and our failure to make an end-run conversion gave Maine the victory.

With a stiff westerly breeze and a wet field hampering both teams, Maine drew first blood when Erickson, the visitors' rangy center, broke through to block Ed Dorsey's desperation kick from behind his own goal line. The referee ruled an automatic safety.

The second period saw Maine constantly on the offensive, but in the final seconds Ed Dorsey, standing on his own 40, threw a screen pass to Bill LeLievre, who battled his way to Maine's 17. After two incomplete passes, Ed Dorsey whipped another one to Hal Young, who went to the 4-yard line. Here the half ended.

Maine came back battling in the opening moments of the third period when Scoutras of Maine, standing on the Massachusetts 41, threw to Descouteaux, who ran from the 20 to score. Maine clinched the game at this point when Scoutras' conversion whistled through the uprights.

Later in the same period Maine forced a Massachusetts kick and Scoutras received the punt on his own 33. A fifteen-yard penalty against Maine put the ball deep in the visitors' territory. A bad pass from center was retrieved by Scoutras deep in the end-zone, but he was virtually smothered by half of the Massachusetts line.

In the fourth period the Massachusetts team held the aggressive edge. Dorsey faded back to his 25 and cut loose with a pass to Paul Fusini, who zig-zagged all the way to the Maine 19. Bill LeLievre plunged to the 12 and then picked up two more yards. Ed Dorsey went to the 8 for a first down. In two plays the ball was bulled over the line, Dorsey making the score. Hal Young's end-run for conversion was stopped inches short of pay-dirt.

Massachusetts continued its control of play, and the final moments of the game found the team again driving for a score, having reached the Maine 12. The agonized last seconds ran out while the team and the fans were envisioning a victory snatched from defeat in the hardest-fought game of the season.

Director of Athletics

Lt. (jg) L. F. Harrington, USNR

Trainer

Arthur L. Williams, HMC, USN

Coach

Lt. (jg) L. F. Harrington, USNR

Publicity

Donald F. Warner

Managers

Robert F. O'Rourke
Joseph F. O'Brien
Richard Moore

Co-Captains

Edward W. Dorsey
Lincoln Rounseville

The Team

Lincoln Rounseville
Edward W. Dorsey
Donald H. Chase
Francis H. Burns
William R. Scarbrough
Carleton W. Scott
Paul Fusini
Gordon B. Lawry
Wilfred J. LeLievre
Harold L. Young
John L. Peters
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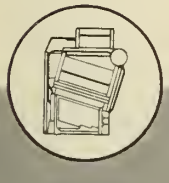

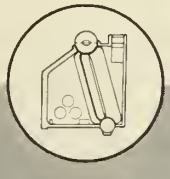

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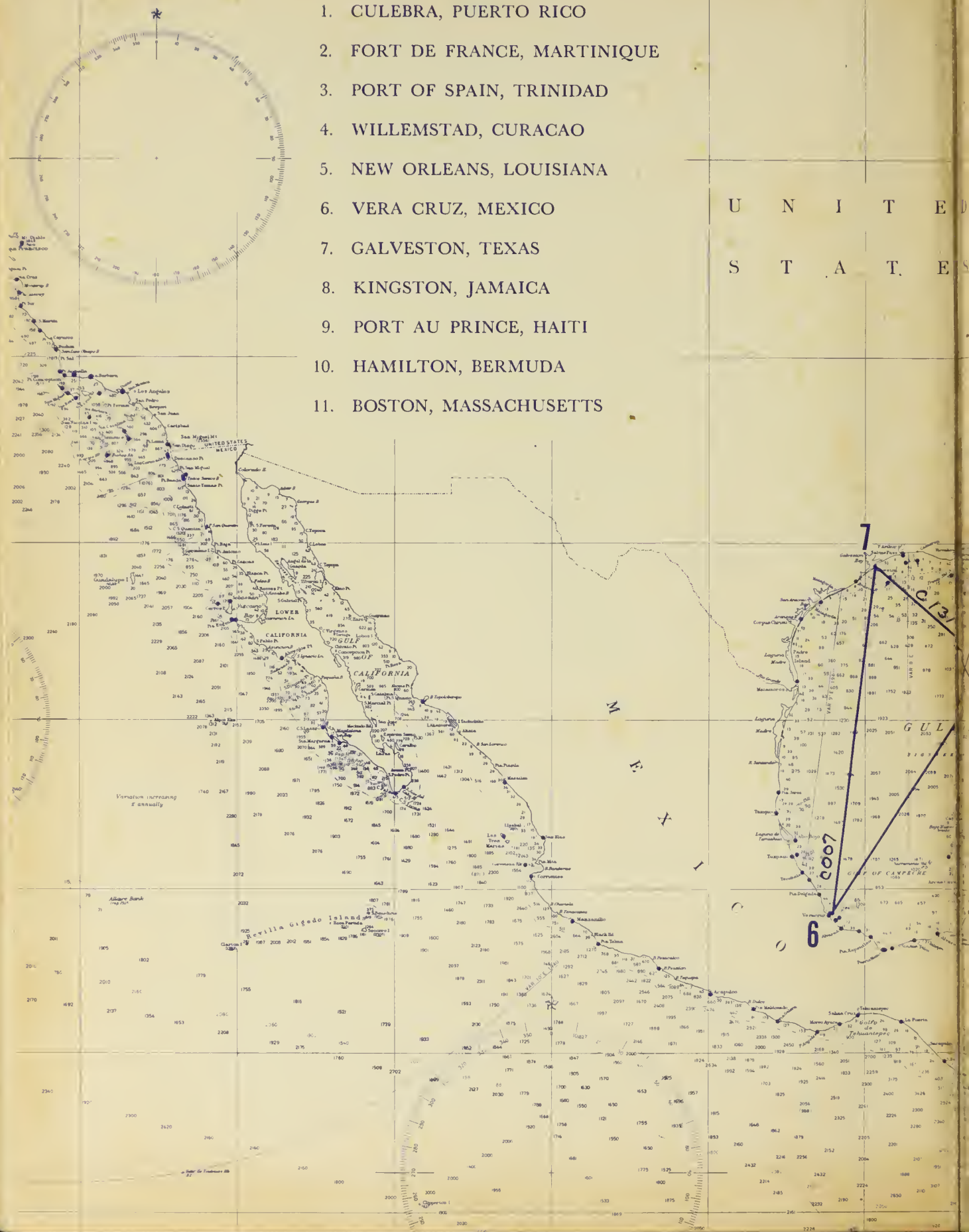

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